# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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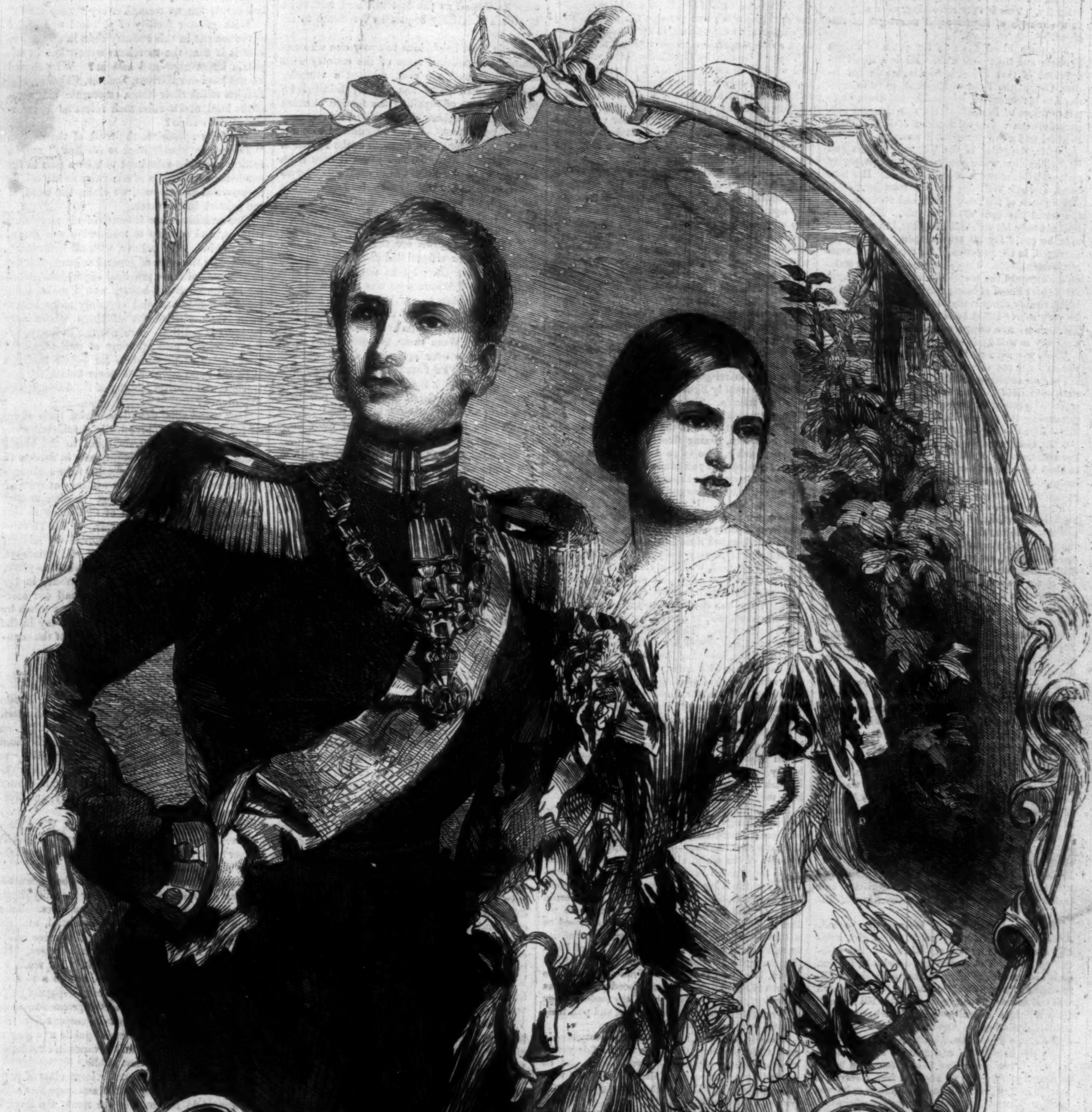


PRINCE FREDERIC WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA, AND THE PRINCESS ROYAL OF ENGLAND.—(See next Page.)

## THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL OF ENGLAND.

The picture given on the preceding page represents the Princess Royal of England, and her future husband, Prince Frederic William of Prussia. She is only sixteen; he is twenty. Both are said to be well-bred and amiable persons. The marriage between them will come off sometime this fall. Now that the British Parliament has settled $200,000 on the bride, and given her besides an allowance of $40,000 a year, no difficulty stands in the way. It is, indeed, whispered in aristocratic circles in England that even were political or financial objections presented to the marriage, it would still be persevered in. The youthful lovers have seen a great deal more of each other than princes and princesses used to do, before marriage, in olden time; and an attachment has sprung up between them of a decidedly obstinate character. On the side of the Princess especially, we are given to understand, the feeling is impetuous and resolute. She is reported to have declared that she cared nothing what Parliament might vote; she would marry Frederic without a title or a penny, and she knew that he loved her well enough to reciprocate the intention. This is very refreshing, after a glance at the records of former royal marriages in England.

The same blood flows in the veins of Prince Frederic and his future wife. He is a lineal descendant of that Princess Sophia, whom her father, George the First of England, gave in marriage to his ancestor, the unmitigated brute Frederic William of Prussia. This was the first alliance between the royal families of England and Prussia, and a bad precedent it was.

Sophia, daughter of the Electress Sophia and George the First, was a good-natured, gentle, pretty girl, with fair brown hair and soft eyes. Her husband, Frederic William, was the most admirable combination of the brute, fiend, and madman that the world has seen since Caligula. He used to beat not only his wife and daughter, but every woman he could lay his crutch upon. Decency he outraged, in the presence of his family, in a manner indescribable. They were systematically trained to disregard the proprieties of life, and obliged, from sheer dread of being murdered, to utter falsehoods twenty times in the course of the day. Once he very nearly killed both wife and daughter; of his son's narrow escape out of his fatherly hands the story is well known.

There was not a mode of ill-treatment which this monster did not try with his long-suffering wife. He had an immense hoard of money—over a hundred millions of dollars; this he made Sophia keep, while absolutely depriving her of the means of purchasing the necessaries of life. She was actually obliged to beg for a trifle of money from her brother, George the Second, to buy linen. He gave her an allowance of $4000 a year, with which she clothed herself and her daughter. Her descendant's wife is more munificently provided for by the people of England.

Poor Sophia—who had not nerve to resent her husband's barbarities as they ought to have been resented—used to say, in her sarcastic old age, that the only kind speech Frederic ever uttered to her was—"Sophia, get up, and see me die!" She admitted that, supple as she had grown to his behests, she never obeyed any of his commands with more alacrity than this.

She was happier, of course, when the monster had gone to his rest. She lived to be, at seventy, a much-honored Dowager, the mother of the great Frederick, and, albeit somewhat tainted by the corrupt atmosphere in which she had spent her best days, a very respectable old lady.

What an example for the young couple who are now so happy in their mutual love!

The next Anglo-Prussian marriage that was proposed was between Frederic of Prussia, son of this Sophia, and his cousin Amelia, daughter of George the Second. This was a favorite scheme with George and the English court generally. It seems it fell through in consequence of intrigues among the Prussian courtiers. Frederic was not particularly disposed to marry the Princess Amelia, of whose character he had heard singular stories; he and the courtiers persuaded Frederic William that the proposed marriage was designed by the English court in order to reduce Prussia to a state of dependence on England. On this conviction, Frederic William acted with his usual impetuosity; he broke off the matrimonial negotiation, and insisted on fighting a duel with the King of England.

The eldest daughter of George the Second, Anne, though a tolerably good-looking girl, actually reached the mature age of twenty-four without an offer. The French embassador to London once had an idea of marrying her to Louis the Fifteenth of France; and it seems that jovial monarch was not averse to the project. But it fell through from religious difficulties—the French, who were infidels, insisting on Anne becoming a Catholic, and Anne, who was an atheist, declaring that she would die in the true and genuine Protestant religion. When Anne was twenty-four, she began to regard marriage as an abstract fact, resolved to marry, and chose the Prince of Orange, who was handy. She told her father, George the Second.

The King observed that he was the ugliest man in Holland, and deformed in some important particulars.

"Were he a Dutch *baboon*," said the resolute Princess, "I would marry him."

"Nay, then," replied her father, "have your way; you will have *baboon* enough, I promise you!"

The Prince of Orange was a philosopher; when the House of Commons settled $400,000 upon the Princess as her dowry, and gave her an annuity of $25,000 besides, he pocketed the slights of the royal family and got married like a man. That night, according to courtly usage, the King and Queen and the courtiers were admitted into the chamber of the wedded couple to see them in bed. It was after supper; most of the visitors had wined; and in that coarse age one is not surprised to hear that the remarks of the visitors, as they defiled past the couch of the happy couple, were not of the most delicate character. The poor bride and bridegroom sat up in bed, in gorgeous night-dresses covered with lace and silver; but the poor bridegroom was so misshapen that his mother-in-law, the Queen, declared that when she looked at him from behind he seemed to have no head, and when she looked at him in front she could not, for the life of her, tell where his legs were.

Mary, another sister, married a man who, if not physically, was morally deformed. This was the Prince of Hesse, who lived by hiring out his soldiers for pay. She was obliged, by the dreadful brutalities of her husband, to leave him and seek a refuge in England.

Another sister—the only one of the remaining sisters who married—made what was considered a good match by marrying the King of Denmark. This was Louisa, the flower of the family—a woman possessed not only of virtues, but of remarkable abilities. She too was basely treated by her husband, and openly humiliated by a wretched woman who shared his affection. Even when a cruel disease attacked her, there was no respite for the suffering wife; and perhaps the surgeon who killed her at twenty-seven, in an attempt to perform a severe operation, rendered her a service.

Those of George the Third's daughters who married were more fortunate than their aunts. The last of them only died a few weeks ago. She had fallen in love in early youth, and refused several eligible matches to preserve her heart for the man of her choice. He did not gratify her wishes till she was forty years of age. It is pleasant to know that her constancy was rewarded by a long and happy life.

There was, however, another Prussian marriage in the reign of George the Third. His reprobate son, the Duke of York, married a Prussian princess, and squared the outstanding account between the two nations by maltreating his wife shamefully. She was a very good woman, and bore all—even the public display of her husband's infidelity—without murmuring, for many years. When she could bear it no longer, she obtained a judgment of separation, and lived a quiet, useful life, on very scanty means, during the remainder of her days. Perhaps it ought to be added that the manners of the ladies in whose society the young Duchess of York took delight at the time of her marriage were not likely to inspire very virtuous sentiments in the mind of their male friends. At a ball given in honor of the marriage, Queen Charlotte was struck by the remarkably light attire of one of the Duchess's best friends. She was not the woman to be discreet on such an occasion.

"Madam," said she to the offending beauty, in open ball-room, gazing fixedly at a remarkably handsome ankle, "be so good as to let out a tuck in your petticoat, if you please!"

The sad story of the Princess Charlotte, the only legitimate child of George the Fourth, is yet fresh in most memories. It was remarked, as a strange circumstance, that she was "deadly pale," and seemingly uneasy at the ceremony which united her in marriage to Prince Leopold (the present King of the Belgians), a very fine young man, and, under the circumstances, with her clear prospect of the British throne, an admirable match. But those who wondered forgot that one of the conditions of the marriage was that Charlotte was never, under any circumstances, to receive her own mother in her drawing-room. This much deference was due to the cruel hostility of her father to her mother; and Charlotte, believing the latter to be innocent, and loving her with ardor, had made the concession which she had been told the interests of the state required. It was, however, a sacrifice which was never consummated. Before the struggle came Charlotte was in her grave.

So, the examples the Princess Victoria Adelaide Mary Louisa—for by these names was the Princess Royal baptized—has before her in her family can hardly be considered as encouraging. Most of the English princesses of the House of Hanover who have married abroad have lived to regret it.

Still, times are changed, and undoubtedly improved. Kings in our day are a monstrous improvement on the kings of the eighteenth century. We have seen one king—Louis Philippe—who was a model of the social virtues; and assuredly England contains no better woman than the Queen. They say the King of Prussia loves Champagne; they say, also, that Queen Isabella of Spain leads a pretty fast life; and these things may be so. But it is quite certain that Europe has ceased to witness—and would not tolerate—such enormities as marked the career of Frederic William of Prussia, Catherine of Russia, George the Fourth of England, Louis the Fifteenth of France, Charles the Fourth of Spain. Such brazen-faced profligacy as theirs has gone out of fashion. If our modern kings do wrong, they do like other people, and pull their mantle over their faces when sinning.

There is, therefore, no reason why history should cast a shadow over the union of the fair young creature whose portrait is given above, and no ground for apprehension of the future to mix with the good-nature with which every good-hearted person will wish her well.

There is something very pretty and sweet in her face, as given in the portrait on the preceding page. Let us hope that the artist has not flattered her, and that the gentlemen who have said she was gentle, and womanly, and kind, have not sought to gratify royalty at the expense of their conscience. He, too, has a fine, open, honest face; and they say he is a fine boy, brought up under Humboldt's eye, and not unconscious of the democratic strides which the world has been making of late years.

A few years more, and the English will doubtless repeal the foolish old law which prohibits the intermarriage of persons of the royal family with subjects. The law was framed in order to prevent any noble family from acquiring undue importance in the state through a connection with royalty. But nowadays royalty is not so terrible an affair that the English need be afraid of it. The democratic tendencies of the age are fatal to the old exclusive notions which dictated many of the laws of England; possibly this generation may live to see the royal marriage law, as well as the law of primogeniture, so far remodeled as to neutralize their evil effects, and enable the princes and princesses of England to marry whom they please.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, June 20, 1857.

## THE FUTURE OF THE AMERICAN PARTY.

We are inclined to attach more importance to the Convention that has just adjourned at Louisville, Kentucky, than is conceded to it by the press generally. It may be regarded as the final act of dissolution of the American party of 1853; and the address and resolutions may be viewed as the last will and testament by which that body bequeaths its estate to its heir.

For it must be obvious to every one who examines the political state of the country with an unprejudiced eye that, without a miracle, the American party has already fulfilled its prime purpose of repelling the foreign element into its proper sphere, and survived its opportunity of usefulness. It has succumbed to a reaction proportionate in strength to the agitation which gave it life. In two years it rose from nothing to be the equal of the democracy; two years more and where is it? Its leaders have scattered, its best men have deserted, its rank and file are disheartened. We are told that 900,000 citizens voted the Fillmore ticket at the last election, and we see that every now and then a town or village still gives an "American" majority. But let us not mistake these signs. The Fillmore vote was the last act of dutiful allegiance to party; it was a hopeless vote; it was, for most of those who polled it, a sort of general discharge to a burdened political conscience. Were these 900,000 called upon to-day to vote over again, we doubt whether one half would be found faithful to the "Native" flag. As for the towns and villages still ranked as "American," it must be remarked that they are small of their kind; the "Americans" have lost, we believe, all of their large constituencies.

Electoral returns are, however, only one of the available indexes to public sentiment. A close study of the press and of floating opinion leads to just as reliable judgments. And in this case, that study shows beyond question that the opinions and prejudices to which the American party owed its rise and progress have almost entirely disappeared. Neither proscription of foreigners nor antipathy to Papists have any open advocates of respectable character at the present day. To all appearance these topics are as dead as the United States Bank. They smoulder, perhaps. In the rural districts, where the moral foliage is thick, and the light of intelligence penetrates with difficulty, they may be yet alive; but, speaking generally, and with a view to immediate practical purposes, they are out of the question. It would be impossible to get up any excitement to-day on either of them.

Still, it is perhaps no matter of wonder that even such men as John J. Crittenden should look hopefully to the future. There are many reasons why a resurrection of the American party at some moderately distant date would seem a not unlikely event. In the first place, it yields creditably; it has no material fault to reproach itself with; it is no suicide. According to the best judgment which can be formed, it seems almost certain that, had there been no accidental events to impart unusual strength to the Republican party, the "Americans" would have elected the last President. They were defeated by the unexpected growth of a party even junior to themselves. They depart political life with an unstained record and a clear conscience. Again, whatever objections may be made to proscriptive systems of politics, it is hardly doubtful but the foreigners and their political teachers will take care to abuse the liberty which the absence of their enemy leaves them. We look almost confidently for a renewal of the indecent scenes of foreign lawlessness and foreign despotism at the polls which first aroused the Native spirit. A revival of immigration renders a renewal of German and Irish outrage quite probable. Nor is it at all clear that the dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church will have the prudence to avoid reviving the latent intolerance of this Protestant community. We see no reason for supposing that either priests or foreigners have received so severe a lesson as to prevent their relapsing into the old faults. That they should relapse—after their seeming victory—is human nature.

Such a contingency, concurring in point of time with a lull in the Slavery controversy, would be quite likely to resuscitate Know Nothingism. We do not look for it for a few years or so; but when the present storms have blown over, and we are tired of the old questions, it will be safe to look out for "Sam."

## OUR MERCHANTS.

Our merchants, perhaps, have little to learn commercially. They can turn a penny, no doubt, with as cunning a sleight of hand as any engaged in the jugglery of trade. Politically and socially, however, they by no means come up to the requirements the country and society demand of them. Representing, as our merchants do, the better part of our trading enterprise and wealth, how happens it that they are but golden calves, with no voice to utter when a word is to be spoken for the higher interests of the land?

The politician, with his suppleness of conscience, and the lawyer, with his fluency of prate, are allowed to do all the political work; and our country is accordingly *done* most effectually. The voice of the merchant is never heard beyond a low growl of complaint over his money bags, collapsing under the fingers of the political robber or public prodigal. National quarrels are begun, wars waged, and tariffs promulgated involving the most serious interests of trade and commerce, without a word of warning or protest from either. The merchant or trader has hardly tongue enough to cry "Stop thief!"

With greater facility of political and social advancement in this country than in any other, how is it that the merchant counts less in the public importance and esteem? Why should we not have our Barings, Lafittes, Cobdens, and Brights to lift their heads among the magnates of the land, and to raise their voices in the councils of the nation?

We fully appreciate the truth of the saying, "*The cobbler should stick to his last;*" and in calling upon the merchant to take a part in the conduct of the affairs of a country so essentially commercial as our own, we claim the word of the proverb in our favor.

Our merchants are too-exclusively merchants with us, and give up to trade what was meant for mankind. We believe, with all their shortcomings on the score of general culture, that our merchants, with the practical experience picked up in the counting-house, would make more capable legislators, and certainly more honest ones, than nine-tenths of them whose only business is politics. Are not the industry, order, integrity, and economy of well-regulated trade a better preparation for public business than the loose jabber and looser habits, the low intrigue and corrupt jobbing of the demagogue's experience?

Our merchants, doubtless, claim their share of patriotism; but, practically considered, even aristocratic England puts them to the blush. Look at the new Parliament, now in session in London, and although professing to be a triumph of the aristocratic over the trading interests of the country, there are more merchants and tradesmen in the House of Commons at this time than ever sat in Congress. While Thorneley, a Liverpool merchant, moved the address to the Queen on the opening of Parliament, Nicholls, a Regent Street tailor, takes his place, among many others engaged in trade, in the active business of the state. Shall our merchants, in a country where they do so much by private enterprise, have no word to say in the management of the public business of the country?

## WHAT ARE WE TO READ?

We took occasion, the other day, to allude to the decline and fall of a class of books much in vogue a year or two since, which were known by the significant title of sensation novels; and we inquired what kind of books were likely to take the place which their demise had left vacant; concluding that there was a fair chance for popular science, agreeable history, and lively travels.

A still more important inquiry is, What class of newspapers are going to monopolize public favor? What direction is the public taste taking in the matter of periodicals?

Here, a broad distinction must be drawn between newspapers and weekly or monthly sheets which do not purport to give the news. To a man of business the news is essential, and the daily newspaper a necessity. It is more indispensable than his correspondent's letters. He can not do business without it. He reads it, not for pleasure or diversion, but as a part of his business. The progress of newspapers proper, therefore, must be exactly proportionate to the progress of the commercial community. So long as there is a commercial public newspapers will thrive; and they will advance in circulation and prosperity with that public.

With regard to that other large class of periodical sheets, usually called newspapers, which, however, do not contain the news, the case is very different. They are not, absolutely, a necessary of life to commercial men, any more than silk, or fine broadcloth, or rich carpets, or handsome pictures, or jewelry, or books. They are not even, strictly speaking, a necessity to ladies and families, as both can exist without them. Still, in another sense, as relaxation, reading, and a due cultivation of fancy and literary taste are universal wants in an educated community like ours, periodical sheets, containing light and entertaining as well as instructive matter, are, if not a necessity, so common and desirable a convenience, that the public would find it difficult to dispense with them. And they have this advantage over newspapers — they are cherished as well by ladies as by men; they aim at the household, not the office; they are a family luxury, equally prized by men in and out of business, rich and poor, merchants and farmers, the fashionable of Fifth Avenue and the mechanic of Avenue B.

Facts—existing facts—are the only reliable basis on which conjectures as to the future character and scope of this order of literature can rest. We can only judge of what will be by examining that which is.

The most successful paper of the kind in question at the present time is, without all question, the *New York Ledger*. Its circulation is stated to amount to the enormous figure of 325,000 weekly, and we have no reason to believe this statement to be exaggerated. We presume the subscription list of the *Ledger* to be unequaled in the world. No small share of this success must, of course, be ascribed to the surprising energy displayed by the proprietor in advertising his sheet. But it is due to truth to say, that the matter contained in the *Ledger* is admirably adapted for promiscuous reading. It is mainly made up of stories by such writers as Fanny Fern, Mrs. Southworth, Mrs. Sigourney, Alice Cary, Mr. Cobb, Mr. T. S. Arthur, and Mr. Emerson Bennett, ; while such eminent writers as George D. Prentice, of Louisville, contribute poetry, paragraphs, and fun. A high moral tone pervades the whole paper, and never, for the sake of a caustic paragraph or a piquant story, is any thing admitted to its columns which could offend fastidious taste. The whole enterprise exhibits a striking degree of judgment and tact. We have no hesitation, indeed, in saying—whatever the public impression on the subject may be—that all the advertising in the world could not have made the *Ledger* succeed as it has done, had it not hit the average requirements of the popular mind.

It is, we apprehend, in the pages of such papers as the *Ledger* that the curious inquirer into the future of weekly newspapers must look for a guide to his judgment. The three hundred and odd thousand subscribers to the *Ledger* are a fact worth a million of theories. Some of these thousands will in a while tire of love-stories, and seek stronger food in reviews and solid books; but, for many a year to come, the desertions will be more than compensated by the accessions of new broods of readers from the nursery, while the bulk of the present readers of the paper will stick to it.

There are those in this Christian community who deem the reading of fiction injurious to the mind. Such, of course, live in the hope of seeing the public appetite for reading appeased with something different from what it craves for now. The facts do not encourage such a hope. *They* indicate that for years to come the ordinary article which the public will require in the periodicals which are read for diversion and pastime will be amusing stories, light essays, and food for the imagination rather than the judgment.

## MEXICO.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the news of the horrible murder, by Mexican troops, of Colonel Crabbe and his party in Sonora, we learn that the veteran Santa Anna is scheming to overthrow the present Government of Mexico, and offering, in an underhand way, a bribe of more millions of acres of land to this country to let him have his way. The opportunity is propitious; the clergy are ripe for open rebellion; the Indians are in open arms on the Pacific side; the *progressistas* are at sea; Comonfort himself is not very secure where he stands.

Nothing seems more improbable than a revolution a short while before it occurs. But we shall have gravely mistaken the temper of the people of California, and underrated the tempting influence of the Mexican mines, if the Crabbe expedition be the last of its kind. The massacre of the unfortunate men who composed that expedition has exasperated the Californians; they are men who forget not. And while Santa Anna is calculating to use this country, as he used it on the occasion of his last return from exile, would it not be a droll occurrence if he were used by the Californians to pull the chestnuts from the fire?

## THE OUTFLOW OF SPECIE.

NEARLY three and a half millions of gold left this port last week, making over eighteen millions for the five months and a third of 1857, and over forty-three millions for the yet incomplete fiscal year. This is the largest export, we believe, ever made from the port.

Simultaneously, the Secretary of the Treasury warns us that the increase of importations is such as to neutralize the effect of the new tariff, and to necessitate a fresh reduction of duties at the next session of Congress.

These two facts ought to teach all sensible men to give renewed consideration both to the conduct of their business, and to the expense of their households. The country is prosperous, no doubt; but we are going ahead so fast, and living so absolutely from hand to mouth, that the first hitch in the machinery may upset the whole concern. The loss of a single specie-steamer from California would break no one can tell how many mercantile houses in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston.

## CHAT.

### A NEW FASHION.

"A CAUDLE PARTY! What's a Caudle party?" we exclaimed, as our wife, coaxingly alluding to the urgent necessity of a new gray straw bonnet for the occasion (which, by-the-by, is the very cream of the cream of fashion in Paris, and, of course, in New York just now), emphatically closed the argument in favor of the new gray straw with the following card:

MRS. ELEAZER PARTURIENT
At Home,
MONDAY, JUNE 8TH, FROM TWO TO FOUR O'CLOCK.
CAUDLE.

Caudle? We pondered. Had Mrs. Caudle—who, with the aid of the sharp pen of Jerrold, some time since, in the London *Punch*, so thoroughly wool-combed us of the suffering sex—come to New York, with a view, like Thackeray and other celebrities, to lecture us, and pick up our stray half-dollars? We were never much given to lion-hunting, and we certainly had no disposition to thrust ourselves within the lair of a live tigress of the Caudle species, particularly as we had a full-grown specimen of the animal at home, which, with all our industrious claw-clipping, the better part of a score of years had not sufficed fully to domesticate. We shook our head, and muttered, "Shan't go." "Shan't go! You can't go; no gentlemen are admitted; it's a Caudle party!" was the very emphatic answer of our better-half, softened down somewhat with a closing "My dear," gently insinuated, as we knew at once, as a persuasive argument in favor of the expected gray straw.

We were still in the clouds; but as we had moved into Fifth Avenue on the first of May last, we did not care to confess our ignorance of society, and thus give the advantage to Madam, whose fashionable education had—as must be acknowledged, to our shame—advanced more rapidly than our own. We took down Webster's dictionary, as we were quite persuaded that our first surmise as to the arrival of the Mrs. Caudle, of *Punch* celebrity, was all a mistake. "*Caudle:* a mixture of wine and other ingredients, prepared for the sick"—(*vide* Webster's Dictionary, p. 155). A bright vision of our wife was daguerreotyped at once upon our imagination, in the angelic form of a Florence Nightingale mixing *caudle* for suffering humanity!—but the new gray straw? What the deuce could an angel of mercy want with a thirty-dollar bonnet from the profane hands of a Parisian *modiste?* We were driven into a corner, and, making a virtue of necessity, confessed our ignorance, and demanded an explanation, which our wife, with a shrewd Yankee eye to her own interest, promised, on condition of the gray straw, lace and trimmings complete. Conscious of the generous enterprise of *Harper's Weekly*, she had the bonnet, and our readers now shall know

### WHAT'S A CAUDLE PARTY.

A baby is born!—an occurrence which, by-the-by, may take place any where—in the straw, or on a French bed, in a hovel, or a palace. Our baby, however, must be born in the Fifth Avenue, or somewhere else in the neighborhood of fashion, and with the purest of gold spoons in its mouth. A month—two months pass, perhaps. The monthly nurse has gone, to the manifest comfort of Bridget, the cook, who wouldn't, not she, be always a cooking tender-*lines* for that woman, who is no more a misthress than she! The French *bonne* has arrived, and her bright cap and ribbons have been so industriously thrust, in the first twenty-four hours, into all the ins-and-outs of the drawers and closets in the house, that she can count, with the certainty of a Ready Reckoner, every dress, skirt, petticoat, and bit of lace comprised in the whole of her mistress's wardrobe. The baby having rapidly developed, and its natural instincts being effectually smothered in lace and French merino, the cards of Mrs. Parturient are distributed for the Caudle party.

The day arrives. Baby looks charmingly in its long dress of white, with as many yards in it as its wearer has lived days, with lace insertion and colored silk slip. Baby is beautiful, too, of course—and *so* good! Good the baby may well be, as its anxious parent has taken care to provide against every accident by administering a dose of *dear* (about this period of maternity *dears* are as plentiful as blackberries in August) Doctor Forcep's soothing sirup, lest nature should vindicate itself by a cry or some other infantile *contretemps.*

By the way of reconciling the ordinances of religion with the laws of fashion, the christening comes off, by the aid of priest and relatives, preliminarily in the dining-room down stairs, while the silks and satins and hoops of the invited guests are gathering and rustling in the drawing-room up stairs. The baby having been duly passed through the sacred fingers of the Rev. Dr. Softly into the Church below, is now ushered by mamma, assisted by the profane hands of the Parisian *bonne*, into Society above. The Reception is, of course, *en regle* with all receptions. Silk, satin, lace handkerchiefs, and spring bonnets are of course there, in the fullest effulgence, moving about to the music of the band, and showing-off like an animated Broadway shop-window. There is, of course, a magnificent feast of Thompson and Weller, a flow of Champagne, and a punch-bowl of Caudle especial to the occasion. Every one is expected to sip of Caudle; but as the compound of oatmeal, raisins, and wine has rather a primitive smack of pap about it, the experienced fall back upon the Champagne. The baby has a severe trial of it, and it is surprising that it is not all worn away, like St. Peter's toe in Rome, by the repeated kissings. It gets occasional relief, however, by a diversion in favor of the *layette*, which, with the crib of carved rosewood and blue satin hangings, the lace bib and tucker, the French merino cloak and hood, the Prince of Wales's feathered beaver, and other infantile contingencies, divides the admiration with baby itself.

Well, this is a Caudle Party, the last monstrosity of Fashion! Who would be born with a gold spoon in his or her mouth, if he or she were permitted or able to speak a word for himself or herself about it? Give full scope to all your follies, if you will, my dear Madame La Mode; but pray, as we have said before, and shall not tire of saying over and over again, "spare the babies."

## THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

### "THE LIGHT FANTASTIC."

SOME philosophers are of the opinion that dancing is conducive to human enjoyment. If we are to believe the accounts of travelers from the East—a race to whom I give no credence, with the exception of Mr. Bayard Taylor and Mr. Prime, the last of whom has furnished us with a very *spirituel* book on Boat Life in Nubia and Egypt—the Oriental race are foremost in the apotheosis of the goddess of the dance—I mean Terpsichore. In that wonderful land of Almehs and Bayaderes I know that the dance reaches a perfection which we may vainly hope to imitate in this colder climate. There girls whirl in mad waltzes, to the intoxicated delight of smoking Mussulmen. There dervishes perform gyrations which contradict all the laws of human endurance. The one are mistresses of all the arts of motion. Pliant forms, flashing eyes, inviting gestures, perilous posturings are the evening relish of the bearded Osmanlis, seated on their cushions of striped silk, and their carpets of cunningly mingled colors. The others elevating into a religious ceremony that which in all other countries is a relaxation, combine piety and exercise, and school themselves as it were in a sort of sacred gymnasium.

Among us New Yorkers the dance is also an important institution, solemn, however, compared to the wild fandangos of Southern Spain, or the voluptuous choreographic love-stories pantomimed by the twinkling feet and wreathing arms of the Eastern houris, yet possessing a fervor which can scarcely be said to be inspired by any strictly devotional feeling.

The dance is an institution. Next to the Declaration of Independence, the German cotillion ranks in the articles of faith professed by the young American of society. I regret to say that the schools in which he studies this portion of his creed are not of an academic severity.

In European countries boys begin by learning the choreographic art either from their sisters or female cousins in the sanctuary of home, or they proceed to some modestly conducted dancing academy, where young ladies in white frocks simper decorously in long rows on one side of the apartment, and boys fiddle awkwardly in long rows on the other. A melancholy modesty prevails. The ceremonials are almost funereal. The dancing-master permits no innocent flirtation, and Master Tom when conducting Miss Lucy to the quadrille, is as grave and courtly as must have been the good but tedious Sir Charles Grandison in the days when he wore a short jacket, if that splendid and elaborate courtier can be conceived as having ever condescended to such a costume. It is only when Master Tom grows up, and goes into the Guards, or becomes a Man About Town, that he ever mingles in the indecorous dances of the Casino.

Like the Chinese, we are apt to reverse a good many of the customs of Europe, and although we do not drink our wine hot, we conduct the education of our youth on diametrically opposite principles. The New York boy commences his choreographic education at the point where the English boy ends his. There are in this city some half-dozen dancing saloons, of which the majority of the *habitués* are boys from fifteen to eighteen. I purpose describing one of those places, so that my readers will see to what excellent academies of manners they send their beloved children.

### OF PERBACCHO'S.

The establishment kept by Signor Perbaccho is one of the most frequented of all the so-called dancing academies in the city. It is a long, low room, draped with cheap, colored calicos, with about a third of the room carpeted off, in which sanctuary the more aristocratic portion of the assemblage take refuge. The remainder of the floor is well waxed, and at the further end of the apartment a flute, a fiddle, and a piano, live in continual exile, playing polkas and waltzes all night long. Similarity of occupation tends to produce similarity in individuals, and as a startling exemplification of this theory, I find that the said flute, fiddle, and piano, from long labor in the same paths of melody, are physically so entirely alike, that it is impossible to distinguish one from the other. They have all the same dirty white complexions, the same melancholy mustache smelling of garlic, the same bloodless lips, the same attenuated fingers.

Perbaccho himself is a spirited Italian—a political exile, I presume—whose life alternates between the orchestra and the door. With the orchestra he arranges the order of the dances; at the door he receives the fifty cents admission fee, and keeping a sharp look-out that no one gets in without paying, on the pretense of having been in before. He is a man of pleasing manners, and of such universal courtesy that he addresses every body, no matter how total a stranger, with a salutation of such delight, that to behold it you would imagine the person so greeted had been in the habit of spending his entire life in the *Salon* of Signor Perbaccho.

There are generally from ten to twenty females, who belong to the establishment, and are kept on a salary by Perbaccho to be danced with. Let no one imagine that this life of continual waltzing and quadrilling represents a gay and careless disposition on the part of those hapless *employés*. Those who attend the opera and the play, where the gay villager invariably displays his contentment by performing intricate movements to the sound of the tabor, may suppose that the young women at Perbaccho's are continually as light-hearted as the music to which they dance. Poor creatures! If they have any hearts left, it must be in their heels, for in those bosoms, sunken with nightly dissipation, there is no room for such an organ. There is no spectacle that ever saddened me more than the sight of those haggard women seated on the benches that line the wall, worn out with over-exercise, flushed with bad brandy, poisoned—morally poisoned with bad company. There they sit at the beck of every fellow who has fifty cents to pay for the privilege of tugging them round the room, and flinging them back to their seats panting and breathless, until they are again summoned to their melancholy work. Besides these regular *employées*, a number of more wretched, because more guilty, women attend the dances. They haunt the portion of the room which is carpeted off, and flaunt there in the splendid and melancholy attire of their office. These creatures, in virtue of feathers and rich silks, regard with profound contempt the poor girls who belong to the establishment. They distinguish themselves from them by preserving their bonnets, while the others are uncovered. It is sad to see in such a sphere of life the same attempt made to define social positions as we witness in the higher paths of the world.

It is into this polluted crowd that young New York dashes night after night. It is from women like these that he gathers his first knowledge of female character. His feet are educated and his mind corrupted; he becomes intimate with vice before he has the necessary strength of character to save him from the evils of such an association.

If the women who go to Perbaccho's are bad, the men are worse. Gamblers, prize-fighters, bank-note counterfeiters, dishonest clerks who rob their employers to pay for the jewelry worn by the miserable women that frequent the place, all these mingle together in that low-ceiled room, drinking, smoking, blaspheming, poisoning the air, themselves, every body.

How do you like the picture of your son's favorite place of resort, Paterfamilias? It's a nice school for a lad of fifteen, is it not? Do you know that men get drunk there, Sir, and become quarrelsome; and that pistols and knives are sometimes used there? How astonished you would be some night to hear a ring at the door-bell, and to find a carriage at the door, with your son—your handsome boy—lying on the cushions inside, with a round hole oozing with his young blood, reddening his fair temples, and clotting his lustrous hair!

All that, my dear Sir, might happen at Signor Perbaccho's.

### THE FATAL SNEEZE.

Bistre is an artist. His studio is in— Well, never mind where his studio is; it is a studio—that is all you need know. Bistre is engaged to be married to a very pretty girl, who made it one of the conditions of the betrothal that the gay young painter was to give up all intercourse with a certain lady, whom we will call Amanda, it having been rumored that at some anterior period he, Bistre, had knelt at the shrine of that fair one.

Of course, Bistre, at the request of his Lucy, consented to treat Amanda with the most chilling coldness. All went well. Bistre painted; Lucy worked the usual amount of slippers and smoking-caps, and there never was a more tranquil pair of lovers.

One day last month, while Bistre was in his studio, engaged, I suppose, in finishing his picture for the academy, a knock came to his door. Bistre was so busy that he did not answer. Another knock. Still a silence. Then Lucy's voice was discernible.

"Arthur, open. I see you through the latch-hole. Mamma and I have come to see your picture. You can't escape us, you naughty fellow."

Arthur, from some cause or other, reddened to the tips of his ears. He muttered something—a blessing, I think—fussed about the room for a moment or two, and at length admitted mother and daughter. Both looked curiously round the studio when they entered. There was nothing there to attract particular attention. A canvas on the easel, the usual number of studies on the walls, and a lay figure, with a white cloth over its head, was very picturesquely posed on the platform.

"Why, I thought you were finishing your picture?" said the adorable Lucy, looking with astonishment at the blank canvas on the easel.

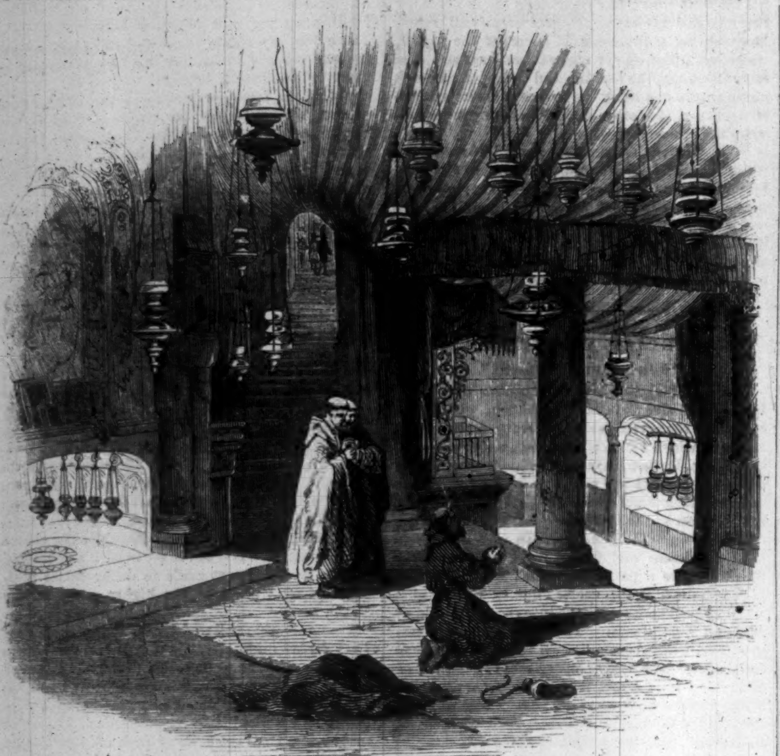
"I—I—have done that—merely making a study of drapery—" stammered Arthur, pointing carelessly at the lay figure; "but really I wish you would call some other time," he added, "you disturb the flow of my ideas."

"Ah! drapery?" cried Lucy, entirely inattentive to this last hint. "Oh! what a lovely French muslin your lay figure has on! Where did you get it, Arthur? What do you want such expensive draperies for? I declare I'll rob you of it—it's charming!"

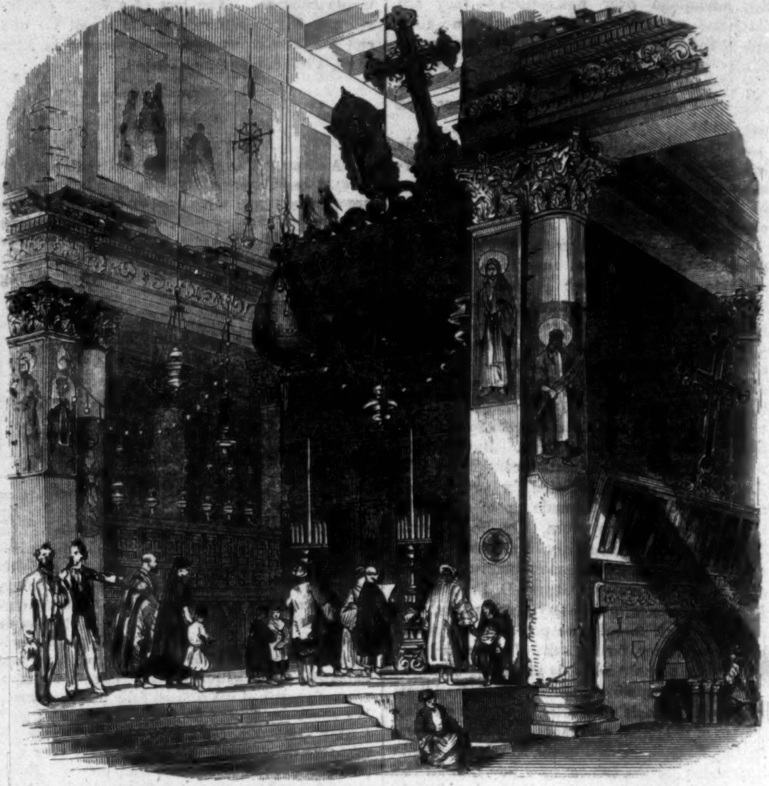
And before Arthur could interfere, the adored one was examining the drapery of the lay figure with true feminine delight. Suddenly the silence was broken by a tremendous sneeze. Lucy started back aghast. Another sneeze; and, miraculous to relate, the lay figure seemed to be violently attacked with a fit of sternutations. In a moment the indignant mother had snatched the white cloth from the head of the supposed lay figure, and there sat the wicked Amanda, blushing pure carmine!

I need not say that all is over between Lucy and Bistre, and that the adored one is already flirting with young Capulet.

Amanda's portrait, by Bistre, is in the exhibition for this year. It is number— Well, there is no need of telling the number. You will know it by its being a portrait of a lady.



GROTTO OF CHRIST'S BIRTH (BETHLEHEM).



CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY (BETHLEHEM).

## TRAVEL NOTES IN BIBLE LANDS.

No. II.

*(From our own Correspondent.)*

From Jaffa to Jerusalem.—Tents in the Valley of Jehoshaphat.—A Ride to Bethlehem.—Church and Grotto of Christ's Nativity.—A Skeptical Monk.—A Chase Home.—Bedouin pursuers.—All a Mistake.—John Steenburger and the Guard at St. Stephen's Gate.

It is the evening of a soft spring day. The heavy rains of last week have for once made a stream in the usually dry bed of the Kedron, and for the first time in the many weeks I have recently and heretofore passed in Jerusalem, there is a dash of water down the Valley of Jehoshaphat, by the wall of Gethsemane, and the tomb of Absalom.

You last heard of me at Jaffa. My last letter brought up my wanderings only to that place.

You can not well imagine the delight I experienced in meeting the Americans whom I mentioned. Had they been the veriest boors I doubt not I should have welcomed them. But there was a young and beautiful woman, a rarely beautiful, an exceeding lovely girl. On my word I would have done as did John Steenburger, but that he was first, and fallen in love with her then and there. But he had the claim of precedence, and came up to Jerusalem riding by her side, while I chatted with her father and mother as an older and more unsusceptible traveler should.

We made our first day's journey by Ramleh. Crossing the track which I had previously taken from the country of the Philistines to Lydda, and pushing on with a desire to divide the distance to Jerusalem into two days of equal travel, we pitched our tents in a gorge of the mountains under a high hill, on which ruins marked the site of the ancient *Latrone*, and within sight of a village now known as Emmouse, and which there is some reason to think is the Emmaus of Scripture.

The next day we entered the Holy City. Our friends, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Warren, by my recommendation, found a clean little hotel on the Via Dolorosa, where an old servant of my own in former journeys now keeps a caravanserai for Christian travelers. But I preferred to pitch my tent in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, where, surrounded by my small guard of faithful servants, increased now by the addition of Houssein Abdallah, a Bedouin who was my companion for a year in other days, and his brother, I live like a prince of Seir, owning no man as master, and owing no man thanks or reverence. Here I receive my friends. Here I see bishop, patriarch, Jew, priest, or beggar. Here my chibouk sends up its cloud of incense in the twilight as I sit in my tent door at evening and see the walls on Mount Moriah fade into gloom and darkness. Here the still stars shine on me as they shine down on Gethsemane.

Hence I make rapid excursions wheresoever my inclination leads me. Sometimes Steenburger joins me—oftener, it must be said, he is with Miss Alice Warren, now loitering down the hillside of Moriah toward Siloam, now sitting in the afternoon sunshine on the side of Olivet.

To-day I have been at Bethlehem. The day had been a warm one, but it had grown cooler as the sun went westward, and I mounted the mare at about three in the afternoon.

The ride is a favorite with me. It seldom takes me more than three-fourths of an hour, which is doing very well considering the state of the roads in Syria.

I have said my camp is in the Valley of Jehoshaphat. My road naturally would be across the city to the Jaffa Gate, whence the direct route leads to Bethlehem; but I prefer a way of my own across lots, which I discovered some years ago, down the Valley of the Kedron, half a mile below the lower pool of Siloam, then up a ravine to the right, and across the hills by an easy gallop over the country, which is less rocky and broken up than in other directions.

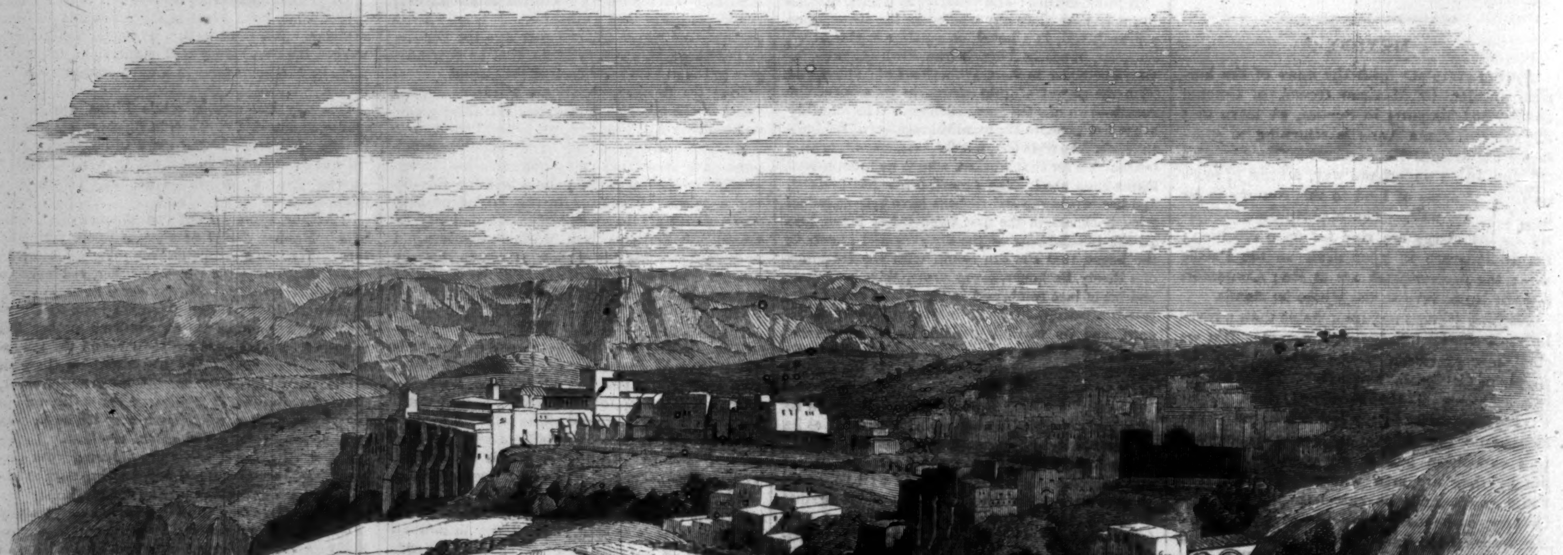
Bethlehem itself is a sad place. It stands on a sort of spur of the hills, a ridge falling off abruptly at the end. This end is occupied by the Convent of the Nativity, which contains the ancient church of Helena, and under it the Grotto of the Nativity.

I never fail of a welcome at the door of the convent. Father Guiseppe, a fine old man, whose acquaintance is worth having, and who is an old friend of mine, seems to have an intuitive knowledge of my approach, and is always first at my stirrup when I ride under the low gateway, at which I once nearly broke my neck for refusing to bow low enough as I rode in.

He was at his post, as usual, to-day, and the twilight found us pacing up and down the long aisles of the great church, whose massive columns and stately splendor are a fitting monument of the mother of Constantine.

The Grotto of the Nativity is a natural cavern in the rock under the chancel of the great church. It is approached by steps from the church floor, and it is also accessible from its own level by passages in the rock, which communicate with other caverns and grottoes of traditional interest.

Of course you have read many descriptions of this grotto, and doubtless as many discussions of the probability of its being the place of Christ's birth. The golden ornaments, the spot marked in



BETHLEHEM.

the floor with a golden plate, the altar of the wise men—all are familiar to you; and I have no doubt that in this grotto Jesus Christ was born. The written history of this spot is quite perfect, from the very time of Christ, or so shortly after his death that men were living who knew the history of his birth in a stable. The argument against it—that a cave was not a stable—is no argument to an Eastern traveler, who sees horses and cattle stabled nightly in caverns and grottoes.

Yet, curiously enough, Father Guiseppe is faithless. And all this blessed afternoon, as we have walked to and fro in the dim old church till the sunbeams fell long and red across the dusty air and disappeared, and twilight and deep darkness took possession of the holy arches, all this time he has been arguing that Justin Martyr, and even holy Jerome himself, are myths. The old man is a rationalist of the worst sort—an utter disbeliever in church or tradition, revelation or God—if half he said to me be sincere.

He talked me into a fury, and then soothed me down by taking it all back, and saying he had been only trying a Protestant's faith; and so we went down into the grotto, where a Greek priest was muttering prayers in a manner most shocking to the tastes of my Latin companion; and having convinced ourselves, by visiting it again, of the existence of the cell which Jerome did occupy, and in which he wrote and translated, and, if I remember rightly, died, I went to the refectory, where we had some bread and wine; and then I mounted at the door-way, and set out alone for Jerusalem.

You may endeavor, but in vain, to imagine the folly of this attempt of mine, had I not been perfectly familiar with the way—road I will not call it. I risked a gallop through the streets of Bethlehem. All was silent, dark, and hushed as in a city of the dead. No street-lamp, you may well suppose, nor was there house or window light gleaming out. Dull, blank walls of low stone huts lined each side of the narrow way. Emerging from these, under a dark archway on a descending path, the road wound around a deep hollow, being well cut in its side, and walled in. Along this I dashed rapidly, taking advantage of the time to handle my pistols, and see them ready for action.

In this style I passed through a grove of olive trees, and came out on the plateau, on which stands the tomb of Rachel. This little dome, marking a spot which a glance at your Bible will convince you can not be erroneously so called, stood out white and ghostly in the dim starlight, as I went by it, leaving it some rods on my left. As I passed it the way became bad—a narrow path, descending a rocky hill, with scarcely a foothold for the horse on the rock, which was broken in rifts, and dangerous in broad daylight. From this hollow the path again ascended by a worse ascent.

As I passed the dome of Rachel's tomb, I heard a low sound, that an ear now somewhat given to watching for hostile indications recognized as not the sound of wind or tree, and I quickened my pace toward the descent. Glancing back, I saw three figures on horseback, whose character was not to be mistaken, emerging from the shadow of the tomb, and following me at a gallop.

"On—on—Tayr e' jebel,
On, on, my bird of the desert!"

And we went like lightning down the dangerous descent.

No shepherds watched their flocks that night on the plains of Bethlehem. All was hushed, except the sharp click of the hoofs of pursued and pursuers. We plunged through the hollow and up the rise beyond, and now I had a fair road as far as the convent of Elias, which is one-third of the way to Jerusalem. There is no horse this side the Tigris that can overtake my mare on a run of four miles. I laughed at the chase, and as the road improved I gathered confidence.

It were vain to hope for shelter at the Dayr Mar Elias. Its dark walls frowned on me as I rushed by, and the echo of the hoofs of the Bedouins behind me came to me from the end of the convent. A long and easy descent brought me out to the table-land that stretches away toward Jerusalem. Were it daylight, I should see the city; but it was as profoundly dark as if Jerusalem were a forgotten city. No light was on temple or tomb, on tower or minaret. Yet there away lay the Holy City; and a cool breeze that came down from the north was full of life.

I dashed on now with a free rein. The mare went like moonlight across the plain—my three pursuers two hundred yards behind, and the distance increasing every instant. I could see them indistinctly as I looked back. There was no mistaking their streaming coofeas and gray burnooses. A tall fellow led, and the others, smaller men, were behind him.

Fifteen minutes, and they were dropped out of sight as I went down into the valley of the Sons of Hinnom, under the west wall of Jerusalem, up the side of Zion, by the closed and silent Jaffa Gate, and then around the northwest corner of the city, and across by the Damascus Gate, and down the Valley of Jehoshaphat.

Until I sprang to the ground at the door of my tent, I had not broken the run from the door of the Convent of the Nativity. Three minutes later, Sheik Houssein Abdallah and two of his men rode up the valley from below.

They were my pursuers! So a good story was spoiled. The faithful fellow had gone off at dusk, knowing that I was at Bethlehem, and would be coming home late. Aware of the danger I was running, he had gone to the tomb of Rachel, which I must pass, and where an attack was most likely, and had followed me steadily homeward, wondering at my furious pace.

I have been discreetly silent while the Sheik, outside the tent, reclining at the tent fire, under the wall of Gethsemane, has been recounting to my wondering followers the splendid horsemanship of the Pasha, who, if he is to be believed, equals the very angel of death.

At this moment the light by which I have been writing is nearly blown out. John Steenburger lifts the tent-door curtain and enters.

"Where have you been?"

"At Bethlehem. And you?"

"In the city—with the Warrens. Coming out of St. Stephen's Gate, the guard were insolent. What does Nastary kalp mean, eh?"

"Nazara kelb means Christian dog."

"I knew it was something of the sort. I pitched him down that empty vault that lies open just outside the gate."

"The guard?"

"Yes, the guard."

By Jove, John, you've got yourself in love, and us both in a scrape, I fancy!

## THE PERIL OF A PAST.

WHEN we, as children, used to play,
Sun-burning in the new-mown hay,
Or pelt the apples swinging high,
Like suns that swung athwart the sky,
So red they seemed—
I never dreamed
Those happy days would e'er go by.

An instinct clasped our tiny hands
Whene'er we paced the yellow sands;
And like our footsteps, side by side,
Our lives all noiseless seemed to glide.
And yet, alas!
It came to pass
That you became another's bride!

I meet you in the festive throng,
And you are stately, I am strong.
I sometimes think that in your eyes
I see the old affection rise;
But leaning there,
Behind your chair,
Your husband stands—I will be wise!

## THE MOCK MARRIAGE.

I LOVE to dine with my friend Dr. Ralph ——, because he has such a scientific way of prolonging the flavor of the side-dishes and dessert, by the aid of most capital stories. Capital, because always *à propos* to the topic in hand, free from the coarseness which wine and a good appetite are apt to engraft upon humor, and dashed with a certain dramatic terseness which not less rivets attention than it prolongs interest. And within the past week I have had my legs under his mahogany, and trifled with the first strawberries at dessert, and listened to one of these "after-dinner sketches," which is worth preserving.

As Dickens says in the "Dorrit" novel, "Bar," and "Church," and "State," were in our company. There was that agreeable dash of law, theology, and politics with the salt of things commercial, which goes so admirably to constitute "dressing" for the "social salad" of conversation. We had discussed recent trials, the destiny of Kansas, the English elections, and, with the roast, had trifled with the comet; but "Bar," by starting a criticism upon Wallack, and referring to the brief and curious marriage in Don Cæsar de Bazan, had adroitly drifted the current toward the bit of professional romance going on, "*In re* Burdell," before the Surrogate. Dr. Ralph had listened attentively and politely, as became a "host;" but perceiving one of those reminiscences which the "Diary of a Physician" well collates trembling on the brim of his sherry-glass as he moistened his lips, I charged home upon him, and with Falstaffian decanters at every elbow, he began:

"Not many years ago, I was made professionally the strange deposit of a marriage-secret, which has been constantly in my mind since this curious allegation of marriage and no marriage came up before the courts on the Burdell tragedy. A very handsome widow, with a son of twenty years old, lived in luxurious retirement in Clinton Place, and I was installed as family physician. She was constantly liable to curious nervous attacks, which, although incessant, did not seem to materially diminish the lustre of her black eyes, or the firmness of her complexion; and being a woman originally of very strong constitution, and thorough brace of mind, I found it a puzzle to reconcile her nervous attacks with general apparent health. She appeared to be very tenacious of life, and timid of death, and consulted me far oftener than was needful; but I feel bound to say, no shadow of dissent crossed my bill, and the Christmas checks were always promptly drawn to my order. Things continued so for three years, when, very suddenly, the evident struggle between the mental and the physical displayed the latter as fast yielding. Her hair grew gray rapidly, and her forehead and cheek-lines deepened, and there was a slight bending in the limbs. Suddenly, but surely, one night paralysis came. Days of immobility succeeded. She kept me by her side with terrible looks each day, and listened moodily to my buoyant promises; but she, nevertheless, battled off the danger, which only by that reason approached a more certain climax in the future. I was obliged one day to tell her that a second attack was probably threatening, and that if she had worldly affairs to settle, their attention would be prudent. Her son was sent for and brought to the bedside. I had often been struck by the rudeness and coarseness of speech and behavior he had shown her, and by the humility with which she bore it. His manner now was shockingly offensive in a son. Bending his head down he listened for instructions, and I retired to another corner of the room. A rapid but impassioned conversation ensued, and I heard only this one sentence: '*Either the will as I say, or a full disclosure.*' These words were pronounced decisively, in a tone strangely calm compared with that which had preceded. My curiosity was piqued, and taking an apparently absent position, with my back turned and a paper in my hand, I was yet able to watch the features of each in the glass. Both mother and son were pale as death; but his look was one of rage, hers of remorseful determination. So strong was the latter that I feared for consequences, and approaching them I said that "too long an interview I must forbid," and he turned from the bed and left the room.

"I merely knew that Mr. B——, the lawyer, had been sent for, and that a will was drawn and executed, with the servants for witnesses. My curiosity was again piqued, that I had not been invited to become one of the latter. After this she seemed to rally, but one night I was sent for and found her failing fast. 'Sit down,' said she, 'Doctor; I feel now that I may very soon die. Richard' (her son) 'is out with some of his companions, and I must tell you, before I lose speech, something of great moment to my peace of mind.'

"I was now all attention; and taking her hand to squeeze in token of assured confidence, I glided my fingers to her pulse to check her if that showed too much excitement, and listened. With her other hand she took from under the pillow her will and gave it to me.

"'Doctor, you must take possession of it. Do not let Richard see it under any circumstances, or he will destroy it. It leaves him penniless, but a greater fear will keep him silent, under the necessity of labor. For son though he is, and once very dear to me, he has been my companion in crime. Yes, Doctor, all my wealth is the proceed of crime!'

"I involuntarily started, and observing it, she added, 'But not a dreadful crime—not one of murder or malice—not one to make you fear me except as a moral leper. I have made confession to my God, and prayed for weeks past for forgiveness. It is possible that Infinite Mercy, which pardoned the thief, may hear my eleventh-hour prayers and penitence. But I feel that unless human confession and reparation accompanies it, the whole duty is not done.

"'Twenty-one years ago, when a girl of nineteen living in Boston, I became the victim of a merchant, who sustained me a few years as his mistress. Richard is our son. When about twenty-five years of age he proposed I should take a boarding-house in that city, and he would live with me as boarder, and I could take other boarders, and thus cloak our intimacy. I was an orphan, and no one of his friends knew of our connection. I followed his advice, and until five years ago kept up the establishment, and he lived with me as before without any one excepting one boarder suspecting our intimacy.

"'This person was a needy and unprincipled gambler, who affected for me a rude admiration which I had repelled, and I had ordered him from my house. It was then he told me what he suspected, and threatened exposure. I felt I was wholly in his power. Nor was he at all angry or coarse about it, but seemed, after hearing my story, to pity me. Perhaps in his own life there had been some kindred scenes which pleaded for me within his breast! But he made a horrid proposal—horrid, I say, because it so struck me at first making. Yet as I thought again and again upon the subject the less criminal it appeared, until finally I accepted. His plan was to personate my protector, marry me, make my son our confidante, receive from me a large sum of money, and then wait for time to right me by his death, as most of us believed he was then entering into a rapid consumption. I firmly believe he meant at the time to succeed the marriage with murder, and then redouble his demands with new threats. Night after night had I lain in bed thinking of the wrong originally done to me; of how I was young and he mature; how he was now rich and I was poor—until I brought myself at last to feel that the proposal of the mock marriage was a mere harmless subterfuge, eventually to get me my just rights. I told my story to my son, then fifteen years old. He believed his father dead, and indeed I passed every where for the widow of a deceased Englishman. The disclosure of the truth affected him just as my tempter had said it would—rage and malice fired up his breast against his newly-found father, and he was ready at all hazards to abet us in our plot.

"'Accordingly, one night when my protector went on a brief visit to New York on business—in this city—I had made an excuse to accompany him with Richard. He whom I shall call my tempter to the crime went clandestinely on the same train to Norwich, and thence by boat to New York. He was of precisely the height and build of my protector, and, disguised in a wig and false whiskers he had provided himself with, very much resembled him. I had given him the promise of one thousand dollars saved from my business and the liberality of my friend; and every thing was ready on our arrival at New York. The three parties went to separate hotels; and in the evening my "husband" (false and bloody-minded as I afterward additionally knew him to be) accompanied my son and myself to the residence of a sailor minister well known in the city as the officiator at secret and chance marriages. He called in his family; no questions of our identity were made; the ceremony was rapidly performed in a dimly-lighted room; the true names of myself as a party, and of my son as a witness were given, and that of my protector glibly assumed by the false and yet *true* husband. (For, as I learned in reading a case of wrongly-named marriage afterward, I *was* his wife in reality!) All things appeared well, and the certificate was made out and given.

"'The next day I returned to Boston, and in the following week my supposed husband also came home very much prostrated and weakened by a fresh cold. I shall not detain you, Doctor, by telling the pangs of remorse I daily felt for six months.

"'Sometimes I was obliged to restrain Richard from positive insult of his "father," and from such words as must have told him I was the betrayer of his secret. Then, too, he grew more kind to me. He felt himself he was about to die. Often was I upon the verge of telling all, and then would come the hellish suggestion—"He must die—you have no hand in this—and the subterfuge is but a right way of righting yourself"—and then I would be silent.

"'He made his will. I found him far richer than any one was aware of. He gave me, by its terms, eight hundred per year for life "in consideration of faithful services and attentions"—well do I remember the legal sentence that was artfully intended to blind the eyes of the world.

"'At length he died, and the will was destroyed by *me*—God forgive me! Heaven have mercy upon me!' continued the wretched woman—'yes, destroyed by me in sight of his very cold remains—the will which left his old father and mother a great estate, and whose destruction made cease the liberal allowance he had always made to them in their English home.

"'The funeral over, I summoned all my courage, and, taking my certificate in my hand, went to his partners to tell them—'

* * * * * *

"Here an attack of great weakness obliged me to repress her words. I gave her as strong a stimulant as I dared, but she was not able to tell me more until the following day.

"I took the will home and read it. It simply constituted ——, of Liverpool, England, executor, and gave him all the property, which was wholly personalty, worth, perhaps, $75,000. Not one cent was reserved for the son! This executor, then, was the old defrauded father.

"The story breaking off so had piqued my curiosity still more; for I was anxious to know how the mock marriage had withstood the scrutiny of the law. And, perhaps, on my next meeting, curiosity got the better of my professional prudence, for I allowed her to conclude the story, which I will sum up in my own way.

"She had managed—or circumstances had managed it—so well that the partners were compelled to believe the story in despite of the oft-repeated protestations of the deceased that he never would marry. The son resembled him wonderfully when they came to reflect over it. The motive to the justice of the thing was powerful. The mystery of his boarding so many years in one place—the corroboration of the intimacy by domestics—the straightforward story of the son—the exact description given by the sailor minister who, on being shown a daguerreotype of the '*true*' man, only swore the stronger to identity—the apparent corroboration of the visit to New York together—his kindness and affection shown her in his last illness—the perfect *fac simile* of the signature to the marriage certificate (well counterfeited by the accomplished abetter to the crime)—and the almost impossibility of there being any feigned fact in the case were so convincing to all the lawyers that they unanimously recommended a recognition of her claims as widow.

"She succeeded to a very handsome estate which, however, was much plundered by the real husband, whose black-mail visits, almost every day after the removal to New York, were the secrets of her nervous depressions. He was shrewd enough to know that if he disclosed the truth the golden goose would be killed. Eight months before, however, he had been wounded in a street brawl, and almost instantly expired—thus relieving her of the great incubus.

"My patient died very penitent and very humble. The son has since met the fate of dissipation. The parents in England hold the property, and, to this day, wonder why the widow so bounteously remembered their declining age."

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"So much for the mock marriage No. 1," said "Bar," draining his glass, and beginning a narrative of another.

And on its conclusion we all drank success to "Justice," whether Mrs. Cunningham proves to be Mrs. Burdell, or whether the false Doctor hereafter turns up in the shape of some conscience-stricken wretch that shall clear up an otherwise mystery.

## LITERARY.

A TREATISE ON THE RULES WHICH GOVERN THE INTERPRETATION AND APPLICATION OF STATUTORY AND CONSTITUTIONAL LAW, *by Theodore Sedgwick*. New York: John S. Voorhees.

To the making of books there is no end, especially of that sort which Lamb characterizes as "books which are not books." Eminently is this true in the department of the law, where volumes of ponderous magnitude and learned aspect are increasing so rapidly that even their names, to say nothing of their contents, are quite beyond the compass of the most erudite memory. To a considerable proportion of this accumulation the remark of the German critic may be well applied: They contain many new and good things; the good things, however, are not new, and the new things are not good. When we have an exception to this, in the shape of a really sterling contribution to the learning of the law, it is valuable in proportion to its rarity, and at once attracts the attention of those who know, in such matters, what is what.

Such a work is the admirable treatise of Mr. Sedgwick, the production of a ripe scholar, and a strong and accurate thinker in and out of the law. It meets just now, and fills, an acknowledged requirement in the law library. As the author remarks in his preface, "A very slight glance at the field of jurisprudence is sufficient to convince us of the extent to which written law is making inroads upon the field of unwritten, customary, or common law. One branch after another of the great topics of our science become subjects of legislation. Statutes, codes, and constitutions succeed each other, and in our time, with greatly increased rapidity, threaten finally to absorb every topic of jurisprudence." It is obvious enough that the old common law, in its unwritten state, is fast passing away. Already the number and variety, as well as the importance of questions of constitutional and statutory construction, have very greatly increased. At no distant day they will limit almost the entire range of legal discussion. To this subject, therefore, the attention of the bench and the bar is at present largely directed. No work existed in regard to it which was adequate to the wants of the profession. Some earlier treatises on portions of the subject necessarily fall short of its more recent and increasing extent and variety. For the most part, the rules which controlled the interpretation of this branch of the law were to be sought in the vast field of reported cases. The profession will readily appreciate the great assistance afforded them in bringing together the law on this topic so fully, so accurately, and so clearly as the author has succeeded in doing.

The work covers the whole ground, and is characterized throughout by abundant research and mature and thoughtful preparation. Avoiding, as far as possible, discussion of what might, could, would, or should be the law, the author has given us what it is, in the conclusions that have been arrived at, and has added an unusually full reference to cases, thus affording, in addition to the treatise, a most available digest of the decisions on the subject. A table of cases cited is also appended. The arrangement of the work is clear and accurate, and the style terse, perspicuous, and scholarly.

Mr. Sedgwick's book will not only become a standard work in the law, but will prove interesting and valuable to the well-informed reader out of the profession. The discussions on many of the topics treated, especially constitutional questions, are not confined to the courts. They are as largely carried on through the press, and in legislative and popular assemblies. To all who take an interest in public affairs the chapters devoted to these questions will be agreeable and instructive; though only the lawyers can entirely appreciate their fullness, accuracy, and condensation, and their complete collection of the decisions.

The typographical execution of the work is very creditable.

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THE AMERICAN MERCHANT IN EUROPE, ASIA, AND AUSTRALIA, *by George Francis Train*, of Boston, with an Introduction by *Freeman Hunt*, *A.M.* New York: G. P. Putnam & Co.

In the spring of 1856 we took steamer at Beyrout, in Syria, for Constantinople. Forever be the memory of that steamer, the *Tancred*, execrated! As she heaved up her anchor, and the captain—a supercilious little Frenchman—gave the order to go ahead, we caught sight of a trunk lying on the deck marked, "G. F. Train, Boston." It was a home-like looking affair to eyes that had seen Arabs for months. "Whose is this?" "An American gentleman's." "Is he on board?" "No, he went ashore at Jaffa." "What is his baggage doing here?" "I don't know. Steward, what is this baggage?" "Oh, *mon Dieu!* the American gentleman's portmanteau! It was to go ashore at Beyrout!" And so they stopped the steamer, and hailed a shore-boat, and put the trunk in, and we went on. Mr. Train may thank us that he got that trunk—if he did ever get it—and we will consider the account squared by the book now before us; for we have no reason to doubt that the author was the owner of the portmanteau.

The book is a compendium of travel incident and commercial information. Lively, spirited, skillful, and altogether delightful, touching every subject within the range of a journey around the world in that clear, brilliant, and easy way which characterizes the correspondence of the intelligent American merchant. The East India portions of the volume possess special value to commercial readers, and abound in amusing and instructive adventure. Such volumes of travel are exceedingly valuable, and add to the reputation which Americans enjoy, of being the best travelers in the world.

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A very interesting trial of the abilities of scholars to translate the cuneiform inscriptions on Assyrian monuments has just been made in London. Doubts have been freely expressed about the principle of translation, and the French Academy has flatly pronounced Rawlinson's translations pure empiricism, utterly unworthy credit. The test adopted was a severe, but a certain one. From among the cuneiform records now "being edited and published" (we quote from the *Athenæum*, and pause to remark the adoption of this participial phrase by that careful paper) one thousand lines were selected, a continuous subject. Copies were sent to Sir Henry Rawlinson in London, Dr. Hincks in Ireland, Mr. Fox Talbot of Laycock Abbey, and Dr. Oppert at Paris. The latter is a recent beginner in the study of cuneiform characters. These gentlemen were requested to translate the inscription, and send their translations, under seal, to a committee, consisting of the Dean of St. Paul's, Dr. Whewell, Mr. Grote, Sir Gardner Wilkinson, Professor H. H. Wilson, and Rev. Mr. Cureton. These gentlemen met on the appointed day, at the rooms of the Asiatic Society, and opened the seals. The agreement between the several translations was pronounced perfect, Dr. Oppert's differing only on account of his imperfect knowledge of English. This interesting trial has firmly established the truth and reliability of the Assyrian translations.

Sales of paintings recently made indicate the very high regard paid to art in England at the present time. Modern English painters command in general higher prices than antiques or old masters. Mr. Goodall's "The Post Office" brought 710 guineas; Mr. Linnell's "David and the Lion," 540 guineas; Martin's great picture of "Belshazzar's Feast" went off for only 136 guineas. It is well known in America by the engraving. The original is said to be badly faded. The pictures of Hobbema are greatly sought just now. They are very rare, but not especially fine. His peculiar effects of light are curious, but 1070 guineas is a high price to pay for a Woodland Scene, with sunshine in the centre. A Hobbema sold for that price!

Some autographs were sold at high prices, the scrawls of ladies of doubtful or undoubted reputation bringing always the highest prices. A letter of Diana of Poitiers was sold for about $25, and one of Louise la Valliere for a little more. A letter of Henri Quatre to Gabrielle d'Estrees brought $30, and one of Dean Swift $25. The latter mentions an old lady friend of Swift, whose daughter was opera-mad, asking the Dean what these *uproars* were to which her daughter was always going.

# DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

## POLITICAL.

### THE UTAH APPOINTMENTS.

IT is not generally known whether the new Governor of Utah has been yet appointed, though some of the newspapers state positively that Colonel Cummings of Missouri has accepted the post. It lies between him and ex-Governor Philip Thomas, of Maryland. All the United States officers having left Salt Lake, as mentioned elsewhere, the judgeships and marshalship are vacant as well as the governorship; it is understood that several applications have been made for them, and that a selection has been made. From the statements of Surveyor-General Burr, now in Washington, it seems unlikely that the Mormons will fight. He thinks the sight of 1000 United States troops will strike awe into them and lead to an easy settlement of all disputes. The new Governor will probably proceed to Utah in company with 2500 men, who, in case no trouble arises, will move toward the Pacific before winter sets in. Judge Drummond is busily engaged in writing articles and letters to show that the Mormons should be crushed out. The friends of the Mormons laugh at the idea.

### CENTRAL AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

It is understood that the Administration, having received no definite proposal for a new treaty from Great Britain, decline renewing negotiations for the present—with a view to afford England an opportunity of withdrawing from the Mosquito protectorate and Bay Islands of her own free-will. Should she do this, the leading friends of the Administration say that there will be no difficulty in settling matters to the satisfaction of both nations. The President is said to have declared that he will not recognize any authority in Costa Rica to control the Nicaragua Transit Route.

### ANOTHER NEW TARIFF.

Secretary Cobb is preparing a new tariff. He is understood to be satisfied that the large importations of the present year will neutralize the reduction of duties effected by the last year's tariff. At the close of the fiscal year he counts upon a surplus of twenty-two millions in the Treasury.

### FOREIGN APPOINTMENTS.

Mr. Cass's absence from Washington is supposed to have delayed the foreign appointments. The only move of which we hear, during the week, is the offer of the Russian mission to Colonel Pickens of South Carolina. He is said to have declined the mission to Spain; and to be in doubt now whether to run for the United States Senatorship vacated by the death of Judge Butler, or to go abroad. Should he prefer the former, the idea is that Mr. M'Clernand of Illinois will have the Russian mission.

### THE WASHINGTON ELECTION RIOTS.

A meeting has been held at Washington to applaud the course pursued by Mayor Magruder during the late election riots. The Know Nothings feebly struggle to get up a feeling against him, but without much success. An application to Justice Hollingshead, of the American party, for a warrant for his arrest on a charge of murder, was at once refused.

### GENERAL WALKER AT WASHINGTON.

General Walker, of Nicaragua, has been to Washington, with some of his officers. He declares that his retreat from Nicaragua was a stroke of policy, and so, no doubt, it was, and a masterly stroke, in one way. He declines to resume his citizenship of the United States. On Saturday, 12th, he had an interview with the President, and complained of Captain Davis for saving his life and that of his men. The President promised to inquire into this terrible mistake of Captain Davis.

### A WAY TO MAKE PUTRID FLESH WHOLESOME.

The Secretary of War and the Chiefs of the Bureaus attended, last week, a very interesting and successful experiment, made at the War Department, by Monsieur J. B. Richer, formerly of the French Army. M. Richer is the inventor of a process to restore putrid meats or fish to a perfectly sound and healthy state. The experiment was tried on a putrid beef-steak and a shad, which were at first so offensive that one could hardly stay in the room. By a hocus-pocus preparation and sousing the beef and fish in a bucket of water, they came out perfectly fresh. M. Richer, who made this discovery in New-York, proposes to sell his invention to our Government and to France and England. For our ships of war, and our army, it might be of great service when provisions became spoiled, and none other was to be had. At Sebastopol, it is said, 17,000 men died of cholera from eating spoiled meat.

### THE REBELLION IN OHIO.

The case of the State of Ohio against the United States officers in that State, growing out of the late slave recovery case, is now being tried before the District Court at Cincinnati. Affidavits have been put in on behalf of the State to show that the United States Marshal behaved with brutality, and fired upon the Sheriff and his party. It was also stated in the affidavits that all the Marshal's suite were armed.

### TROUBLES IN UTAH.

David H. Burr, Surveyor-General of Utah left that Territory for Washington on 15th April, and arrived at Washington, D. C., on 7th June. He was accompanied by United States officers and others. The party leaving embraced Judge Styles, the only federal judge who remained in the Territory; Peter K. Dotson, United States Marshal, Mr. Morrell, the Postmaster at Great Salt Lake City, and T. S. Williams, Esq., together with a number of others, swelling the party to about a hundred persons. The obstacles which were encountered in the beginning of the journey were very great, the snow lying to the depth of many feet in the mountain passes, on the crust of which women and children were compelled to trudge many miles, and through which the men with great labor and toil succeeded in dragging the wagons.

They report Utah in the greatest disorder; Brigham Young exiling his enemies or obliging them to fly the Territory; and even enforcing exactions from his own people at the cost of their loyalty. He had left Salt Lake on a northern tour, destination not known; two hundred men accompanied him. Over 1000 Mormons were leaving for California. Many of the fugitives were obliged to leave their families behind.

### ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

Daniel Clark, of Manchester, has been elected U. S. Senator in place of the Hon. James Bell, deceased, by the Republican majority of the New Hampshire Legislature. He is a lawyer by profession, was formerly a Whig, and is now an active Republican.

Asa P. Cate, of Northfield, has been nominated for Governor by the Democratic State Convention of New Hampshire.

At the Democratic State Convention of Pennsylvania, on the 9th inst., William Strong, of Berks, and James Thompson of Erie, were nominated for Judges of the Supreme Court of that State.

Hardin R. Runnells, of Bowie, has been nominated as Democratic candidate for Governor of Texas.

At the charter election at Buffalo, on the 9th inst., the Democratic ticket was elected entire by 1000 majority.

A fourth attempt to elect a Mayor for Providence, Rhode Island, resulted on 9th inst., in no choice.

### PERSONAL.

Governor King has assumed the right of appointing a Commissioner of Streets for New York city.

Lieutenant Craven is to command the surveying party for the Atrato River and Interoceanic Canal route.

A story is current to the effect that General Cass is shortly to resign the State Department. It does not appear to rest on any solid basis. Mr. Cobb, of the Treasury, and Robert J. Walker are mentioned as the most likely men to succeed him in the event of his retirement.

Mr. Everett will pronounce his oration upon Washington, before the citizens of Old Cambridge, Massachusetts, on Thursday next, June 18, at four o'clock P.M.

Mr. John C. Stevens, of Hoboken, died on 10th instant, at his residence. He was one of the earliest and most faithful patrons of steamboats, railroads, yachts, and thoroughbred horses in this country. The day after his death the flags of the Hoboken ferry were at half-mast. He was seventy-two years of age.

Mayor Wentworth, of Chicago, was arrested last week on a ridiculous charge of stealing mail-bags.

Mr. Joseph S. Taylor, New York Street Commissioner, died last week at his father's residence, after only four weeks' sickness. Although the office which he held at the time of his decease was not his first official position, he having been formerly one of the Board of Ten Governors, he was only twenty-seven years old. He leaves a widow and one child.

Abraham R. Ten Eyck, a venerable and estimable citizen of Albany, is dead. He was born before the Revolutionary War, and his life has been an epitome of the history of his native country. For sixty years he has been a citizen of Albany, having established a book-store in that city in 1798. In 1820 he retired from business upon a competency acquired therein. With the constancy and contentment characteristic of his race, he remained for sixty years an inmate of the dwelling in Broadway which he first took possession of on arriving in the city.

General John B. Walbach, the oldest officer in the United States army, died at his residence, in Madison Street, Baltimore, on 10th inst., in the 93d year of his age, after an illness of three days. General W. was born in Alsace, on the Rhine, in October, 1764. At an early age he entered the Austrian service as a hussar, and was in the company appointed to receive Louis XVI. at the frontier when he made the attempt to flee from France. After serving in the French army he joined that of the United States, under Washington, and served with distinction both in the war of the Revolution and that of 1812.

A number of eminent citizens of Philadelphia have united in tendering to Hon. W. B. Reed, Minister to China, the compliment of a public dinner prior to his departure for the Celestial Empire. The brief time, however, which remains before the *Minnesota* will leave Norfolk will probably prevent the fulfillment of the intended compliment.

Mr. Milburn, the blind preacher, of New York, has arrived in England. He proposes to lecture in Liverpool and the large towns.

Dr. Robert Tomes—one of the cleverest and most successful contributors to our periodical literature, and author of works upon Panama, the Japan Expedition, etc.—returned by the last steamer from a three months' tour in Europe.

It is stated that the late Rev. Dr. Woods left a history of the Theological Seminary at Andover nearly completed, and that the manuscript has passed into the hands of his son, President Woods, of Bowdoin College, who is preparing it for publication.

The Florida *Champion* states that the Governor elect of that State now resides in a small double log-cabin built up with peeled pine poles.

A jury in the Brooklyn City Court, on June 8th, awarded a verdict of $10,000 against Andrew J. Conselyea for the seduction of Eliza P. Smith. Timothy O'Meara, a witness for the defense, was held in $2500 to answer on a charge of perjury.

The last we hear of Miss Coutts is the following, from the English Court *Journal*: "The eccentric English lady who has followed Mario about the world was dressing for his benefit recently in her apartment at the Hotel du Rhine, when her dress caught fire, and she was so severely burned that serious apprehensions are entertained of her recovery." The "apprehensions of her recovery" (though the Court *Journal* does not say so) are probably "entertained" by Grisi, his wife.

Sir George Gore and suite returned to St. Louis on the 12th inst. from a year's hunting expedition at the head-waters of the Missouri. They report that the country was never in a worse condition respecting the Indians.

### BURNING OF A STEAMSHIP.

The steamship *Louisiana* was burned near Galveston, Texas, on 31st ult. She had 104 people on board, of whom only forty-nine escaped. The following is the statement of the second mate:

"Was his (Smith's) watch on deck at the time of the disaster; about 12¼ o'clock A.M. discovered the light-house; changed the course of the ship to northeast by east, in seven fathoms water at the time; then called up the captain; shortly after he came on deck, Mr. Brown, the watchman, reported the ship on fire between decks; smelled the smoke of pine wood; I was then heaving the lead abreast of the pilot house; we all three (the captain, watchman, and myself) went down on the main deck; looked down the forward hatch, and saw smoke between decks, but no fire; the captain ordered me to screw on the hose to the fire-engine; attempted to do so, but was prevented by the flames which burst suddenly from the fire-room, and rapidly ascended the companion way; abandoned the attempt, and started to see to the boats; went first to the port quarter boat, cut away the lashings, and made arrangements to lower it; Mr. Clark, the chief officer ordered me to hold on to the boat to the last minute; about twenty passengers then rushed from the saloon into the boat; I then ran to the starboard side, to clear away the starboard boat; the smoke was so dense I had to feel my way to the lashings, which I immediately cut; I took charge of the forward lashings, and asked if there was any one in charge of the after lashings; Mr. Clark replied that there was; we then lowered the boat even to the guard; Clark insisted that we should hold on to the last minute, and save all we could; some twelve passengers then got into the boat (three white, and two black females, a child, and six men, making with myself thirteen); Clark then left and went to another part of the ship; I told the passengers in the boat to wait my return, and started to see what they were doing with the port boat; it was gone; I then attempted to go forward, but was prevented by the flames; returned to the starboard boat, and called for every one to come, but no others came; it being impossible to remain any longer, I ordered the after fall to be cut away, at the same time letting go the forward fall; the person who cut away the after fall fell or was accidentally knocked overboard; one of the ladies said it was her brother. (This was Mr. Mills, of Favaca, whose body has been found.) At the time we let go the engine was at work and the ship running at full speed; the fire was forward and aft, and the rigging was in a blaze to the mast-head; we landed on the beach, near the point, about sunrise, all safe."

### STATEMENT OF A PASSENGER.

Mr. Wheeler did not awake till about the time the larboard quarter boat was being lowered down with some twenty persons in her, and among them several ladies. He saw the boat capsize as she struck the water; he saw the ladies go under the boat with some of the men, and thinks most, if not all of them, were drowned. He then made an exertion and passed the fire amidships, and reached the forward part of the boat, where he found a large number of passengers and others, none appearing to know what to do to save themselves. The captain was then alone in the pilot-house. At first he told them not to leave the boat, as he thought they would be saved, as he was then heading the boat in shore. But soon after the tiller-rope broke, when he came down and advised them all to save themselves the best way they could. They then began to leave the boat, some taking chairs, benches, etc., and others the hatchway doors, or whatever they could get. Mr. Wheeler threw over two chairs tied together, and then let himself down by a rope, and saved himself by holding on to the chairs with his hands and swimming with his feet. There were five or six others floating near him or in sight in like manner. He saw the *Galveston* come in sight just at daylight, and in some half an hour after he and the others near him were taken on board of her. Mr. Wheeler says Mr. F. A. Nance, of Powderhorn, was aboard, but does not know what has become of him. Mr. Wheeler had $4000 in charge of the purser, with which he was going to buy cattle for the trade, as agent for Mr. J. M. Foster. He says Mr. Foster's loss is $7000 to $8000.

### GOT THERE AT LAST.

A party of city officials, interested in the establishment of a Quarantine at Seguine's Point, started for the Point the other day in the yacht, but were wrecked on "Hangman's Rock." They were taken off, in a damp and dispirited condition, by a pilot boat.

### MURDEROUS AFFRAY AMONG FISHERMEN.

On Sunday afternoon, 7th inst., about 6 o'clock, Charles Salpaugh and a man named Aaron Cole went to the fishing grounds at Steep Rocks, near Rondout, and rowed out to near the middle of the river, where several other boats were engaged in fishing. A man named Edward Kipp, with whom Salpaugh had some difficulty as to the disposition of their nets, raised a gun and pointed it at Salpaugh. Salpaugh and Cole rowed up to Kipp's boat and attempted to take the gun from him. Kipp threw the gun into an adjoining boat, and a moment afterward Benjamin Cole, who was in the employ of Kipp, deliberately leveled a double-barreled gun and shot Salpaugh and Cole, the one directly after the other. Salpaugh received thirty-eight buckshot in his head, neck, and shoulders, and Cole probably as many more. Samuel Salpaugh, a brother of Charles, who was in another boat near by, received two or three shot in his right arm, badly wounding it. The shooting of course created a great excitement. Benjamin Cole and Kipp at once pushed for shore in their boat and escaped. Charles Salpaugh and Aaron Cole were taken to Steep Rock, and messengers sent at once to Rondout for physicians. Doctors Crispell, Holt, and Perkins were quickly in attendance, and did all they could for the suffering men. Charles Salpaugh lived only about an hour. Cole was alive yesterday morning, but his death was hourly expected. Samuel Salpaugh, who was wounded in the arm, was doing well. The brothers Salpaugh and Aaron Cole belong on the Dutchess County side of the river, and Benjamin Cole and Kipp in Ulster County.

### ROUGH-AND-TUMBLE FIGHT WITH A PANTHER.

Mr. W. R. Stockend, a sinewy, stout, active young Scotchman, of Olympus, Washington Territory, recently killed a large panther, six feet seven inches in length, in a fair fist-and-boot fight. The circumstances are related as follows:

"It seems that at the farther end of a large field, about a quarter of a mile from the house, Mr. Stockend discovered quite a movement and disturbance among a lot of hogs that were kept in the field. He at once proceeded in the direction to ascertain the cause, when, to his surprise, at a short distance from the hogs, he discovered that a favorite young dog was engaged in a conflict with a panther. Determined to save the dog at all hazards, he resolved to interpose in the fight, expecting to frighten the panther up a tree that stood hard by, when he could return to the house for a rifle and bring it down. He accordingly gave the animal a substantial kick, when it ceased its engagement with the dog, straightened itself erect on its hind legs, and pitched into him. In the mean time the young dog made a hasty retreat to some distance.

"The contest now seemed to be a desperate and unequal one, but there was no escape from it for our friend Stockend. The panther made a furious dash at him, but retaining his presence of mind, he met it with a furious kick. The fight now assumed the character of a 'rough-and-tumble.' A volley of well-directed blows and kicks disabled the animal somewhat; he called his dog back, and the faithful young animal, as if ashamed of having deserted its master in the hour of peril, and as if to make amends for its ungrateful conduct, entered into the conflict with great fierceness. Mr. Stockend succeeded in getting one foot firmly upon the neck of his assailant, and keeping the other in rapid motion in the direction of the animal's head, soon brought the contest to a close. He has no doubt that the long heavy boots that he had on were the means of saving his life.

"The fight lasted, from first to last, about fifteen minutes, in the course of which Mr. Stockend was somewhat severely handled. His shoulder was badly scratched, he received a severe wound in the thigh from the teeth of the animal, and was scratched in several places, although by no means dangerously, or by which he will hereafter be disabled."

### MARRIES THE MAID FOR THE MISTRESS.

The sorrows of Mrs. John Dean's friends may cease. She is avenged. A Baltimore paper tells a story of a young man who fell in love with a young lady residing in one of the residences of Upper Tendom. The lover fearing a repulse from the head of the family, conducted his courtship in a clandestine manner. The upshot of the matter was, that an elopement occurred and the parties were married. After the marriage the bridegroom proposed that they should return home and procure the father's pardon. Judge then of his dismay when, with a trembling voice, she informed him that although she possessed the name of the gentleman in question, she was not related to him in the slightest degree, and was employed in his dwelling in the capacity of a seamstress. Thus all his visions of a secured fortune were scattered to the winds; and the scene of recrimination which ensued was terribly out of character for a newly married couple.

### WHEN TO KILL YOUR MAN.

A case has just been decided by the Court of Appeals at Frankfort, Kentucky, which settles the question as to when a man who is attacked in the State of Kentucky is justified in killing his assailant. The case was from Grayson Circuit, in which Meredith had been convicted of manslaughter for the killing of one Ireland who attacked him, and the lower Court charged the Jury:

"If Ireland assaulted the defendant, and he had reasonable grounds to believe he was in danger of sustaining great bodily harm, or the loss of life from such assault, and if necessary, to protect his life or person from great bodily harm, he might kill Ireland, if he had no safe means of escaping. But if the defendant *could have safely retreated* from the danger, and by that means have saved his life and person, he is not excusable for the killing of Ireland."

The higher Court, however, decided that this was wrong. The Jury had nothing to do with the question, whether "the defendant could have safely retreated," that being a question to be settled by the judgment of the defendant himself. "In the exercise of this judgment he must act rationally. Whether an *actual necessity* to kill existed or not was a question to be decided by Meredith at the time. Though he may have erred in his judgment, though he 'could have safely retreated,' yet if he acted in good faith, and had reasonable grounds to believe that his only safety was to kill his antagonist, the law excuses him."

### SAD ACCIDENT.

A few days since, an Italian woman, who resides in this city, went to Poughkeepsie with a bright little girl of five or six summers. On her return, she missed her child after the boat had started, and to her horror learned from one of the passengers that it had stepped off the plank into the river. The next day the lady employed several men to drag for it. Some fishermen found it floating about a mile from Poughkeepsie. An inquest was held by Coroner Taylor, of Poughkeepsie.

### ANOTHER QUEER DUEL.

A duel was fought at New Orleans the other day which, for the singularity of its *dénouement*, is perhaps unparalleled in the annals of single combat. A well-known gentleman in that community, whom we shall call Mr. A., feeling himself aggrieved by the conduct of another gentleman, whom we shall designate as Mr. B., sent him a challenge, which was accepted—weapons, pistols; distance, twelve paces; time, six o'clock in the morning. The usual preliminaries were settled, and at the word "fire" both pistols exploded. At the same instant B. was seen to stagger. The seconds rushed up, when it was found that the ball had struck the outer case of his hunting watch, from which it had glanced at nearly a right angle, passing through the lapel of his coat. The watch was worn in the vest pocket and was almost directly on the heart. The case was found to be considerably battered, but otherwise the watch had sustained no injury, although it had gained three hours in as many minutes. The hands, which a moment before had stood at twenty minutes past six, now marked half-past nine.

But perhaps the most curious part of our story is to come. On looking round to see what had become of A., the seconds discovered him leaning over, in the act of picking up something from the ground, and on approaching nearer, discovered, to their astonishment, that one of his whiskers, which he wore unusually large and heavy, had been shorn completely from his face, and that with as much precision as though it had been accomplished by the most skillful barber. It was thought that some peculiarity in the bore of B.'s pistol had communicated to the ball a rotary motion, which, combined with its great velocity, could necessarily produce an effect similar to that caused by some sharp cutting instrument. The result of the duel, so far, had been so utterly singular that it precluded all thoughts of pushing it to a farther and perhaps more disastrous issue. The seconds interposed and reconciled their principals, and in a couple of hours thereafter the whole party were toasting each other in a certain fashionable restaurant of the city.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

### ENGLAND.

#### PARLIAMENT.

BESIDES the dowry of the Princess, parliament has voted $40,000,000 for the support of the navy during the year. Lord Palmerston has introduced a bill to permit Jews to sit in Parliament; it is said the Peers will agree to it this time. A bill to strengthen the law against the beating of women has been dropped. The Lord Chancellor has introduced two bills to modify testamentary jurisdiction and matrimonial law; they have had a second reading, though the Bishops opposed the clause permitting persons of the lower and middle classes to obtain divorces, on the ground that the Scripture denied that privilege to all except the nobility. Sir R. Bethell has introduced bills to enlarge the scope of the criminal law in reference to frauds in mercantile matters.

#### THE NEW BABY'S NAME.

It is understood that the christening of the infant Princess will take place in the middle of this month; the sponsors being the Duchess of Kent, the Princess Royal, and Prince Frederic William of Prussia. The Princess will receive the names of Beatrice Mary Victoria Feodore.

#### THE GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE IN ENGLAND.

The Russian Grand Duke Constantine has paid a strictly private visit to Queen Victoria, at Osborne, arriving there at mid-day on the 30th ultimo from Cherbourg. His imperial highness was saluted by the ships of war assembled there for the purpose, and the American frigate *Susquehanna*, then lying in the roadstead, took a prominent part in the reception, the Russian flag being run up at the main during the saluting, and the band on deck playing the Russian national anthem. The *Susquehanna* immediately afterward sailed for Gravesend. The Grand Duke remained at Osborne no longer than Sunday evening, at 11 o'clock, when he embarked on board the Queen's steam yacht, *Osborne*, sleeping on board, and, at 5 o'clock on Monday morning, sailed for Calais, under salutes from the royal yacht squadron battery at Cowes and the fleet at Spithead. The brevity and privacy of his visit, as compared with the length and publicity of his sojourn in France, affords a topic for comment in the English journals.

#### PRINCE ALBERT COMING OUT AS AN AUTHOR.

Queen Victoria's Prince Albert is about appearing as an author. He has already figured as an artist, having engraved some very passable etchings. He is President of the Society of Arts in London, and on the suggestion of Lord Ashburton (son of the Special embassador on the Oregon question in 1842), a subscription has been commenced for collecting and publishing the addresses, speeches, and letters which the Prince has spoken or written in connection with that Society. There will be a library edition, at half a guinea, and a cheap edition, "for the people," at three-pence each. The collection will have wide circulation, no doubt; but there is the slight drawback that Prince Albert is believed *not* to have composed his own speeches nor written his own letters and addresses. The generally accepted opinion in London is that they were written by one of his gentlemen ushers, viz., Dr. Lyons Playfair, the chemist.

#### THE PRINCE OF WALES IN A COAL PIT.

The British Jenkinses are in prey to much emotion in consequence of the discovery that the Prince of Wales has been down a coal pit. He was traveling in Durham with Mr. H. T. Morton, and accompanied by that gentleman, his Royal Highness visited Houghton Pit, the property of the Earl of Durham, which he descended, and was conducted through some of the workings by Mr. Heckels. The Royal party were conveyed from the bottom of the shaft down "the engine plane" into the workings in coal tubs, and remained in the pit about an hour and a half. The young Prince, who made frequent and pertinent inquiries of his conductors on different matters, was shown the mode of working the coal, etc. He evinced no symptoms of trepidation at the prospect of being let down the yawning abyss, and in this respect his conduct strikingly contrasted with that of the late Emperor Nicholas, of whom it is recorded that after preparing to descend a coal pit in this neighborhood, his heart failed him when he reached the mouth of the shaft, and he declined the perilous journey, declaring it was like looking down into the infernal regions.

#### EDUCATION IN ENGLAND.

In connection with education, a very interesting Conference is to be held in London late in June. Gentlemen of the greatest eminence in the state, as well as in education movements, have consented to act as a committee for receiving deputations from the principal educational institutions throughout the country. In this committee we find the names of the Marquis of Lansdowne, President of the Council; the Right Honorable William Cowper, M.P., Vice-President of the Education Committee; Earl Granville, Lord Lyttelton, Lord Stanley, Sir James Kay Shuttleworth, late Secretary to the Education Committee; Mr. Henry Dunn, late Secretary to the British and Foreign School Society; the Bishop of Oxford, Dean Dawes, of Hereford; Dean Chenevix Trench, of Westminster; Archdeacon Sinclair of Middlesex; Canon Moseley, of Bristol; Mr. Edward Baines, of Leeds; with other gentlemen as well known. The Conference will sit for three days—on the 22d, 23d, and 24th of June. On the Monday, Prince Albert will preside, and the general subject will be opened. On the Tuesday, the meeting will divide into four sections: *one*, to take into consideration the facts, causes, and results of the alleged early removal of children from school: the *second*, to consider the system of education pursued in foreign countries; the *third*, to consider various suggestions for detaining children longer at school; and the *fourth*, to discuss the half-timed schemes for encouraging the alternate employment and education of young children. On the third day, these sections will report, and the general discussion will be closed—again under the presidency of Prince Albert.

#### THE TELEGRAPHIC CABLE.

Admiralty instructions were, on June 2d, issued to Captain Noddall, in command of her Majesty's screw steamship *Agamemnon*, canceling her recent order to proceed to Birkenhead, and directing that the former order to ship the transatlantic cable from East Greenwich shall hold good. The United States ship *Niagara*, having been inspected by Mr. Dallas, the American Minister, it was decided that the necessary arrangements should be entered into by the shipwright department of the dockyard, so as to adapt that vessel for the reception and transport of her intended portion of the electric cable from Liverpool.

#### A WARNING TO WEARERS OF HOOPS.

On Wednesday afternoon, 20th ult., Mr. C. St. Clair Bedford, coroner for Westminster, and a highly respectable jury, assembled at the mansion of Sir E. C. W. Macnaughten, 42 Upper Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, London, to investigate the frightful circumstances attending the death of Miss Mary Macnaughten, aged 25. The jury, having been sworn, proceeded to view the body. It presented a horrid spectacle, the head, face, neck, and arms being almost literally charred, so that no feature could be distinguished. The deceased had evidently been a tall, finely-framed young woman. On the return of the jury, Sir Edward Charles Workman Macnaughten was examined. He was deeply affected, and deposed that the deceased was his eldest daughter. About half-past ten o'clock on Monday morning last he heard loud screams, and, proceeding to where the sounds came from, found deceased at the bottom of the stairs in the hall, enveloped in flames. The fire was extinguished by the butler, and deceased was taken into the adjoining room, and placed upon a couch, then in a senseless state. She shortly after recovered her consciousness, and told him (witness) that she knew she should not recover, that she wished to die, and expressed surprise that she did not feel more pain. In explaining how the burning had occurred, she said that she was in the drawing-room engaged in writing, and that while so engaged she felt an extraordinary degree of warmth about her feet, which at first she conceived to be merely fancy, but on looking down she perceived that she had trodden upon a lucifer match, which had set fire to the lower part of her dress. The carpet was found to have been burned through around the spot where the match had been ignited. The match had no doubt fallen out of a box containing others, which were used to light a candle for sealing letters. The attendance of medical gentlemen was immediately obtained, but, notwithstanding the most unremitting exertions, the deceased expired about ten hours after the accident. Walter Wall, butler to Sir Edward, stated that at the time mentioned he was in the pantry, when he heard loud screams, and found deceased as his master had described. *The flames in which she was enveloped were at least three feet above her head.* He endeavored to extinguish them with his hands, but without success, and he then rushed and procured a baize table-cover, which he flung over her, and thus succeeded in extinguishing the flames. Mr. Isaac Baker Brown, surgeon, described the injuries of deceased, observing that the body was burned from the soles of the feet to the crown of the head. All that could be done for her was to alleviate the pain by administering opium. The death was caused by the severe and frightful burning. The coroner trusted that the verdict the jury would give might have the effect of inducing more care in the use of lucifer matches. The jury returned a verdict to the effect that deceased died from burns received on Monday the 18th inst., in consequence of her clothes having caught fire by the accidental ignition of a lucifer match. The reason the fire could not be extinguished was the resistance opposed by the hoops to the compression of the burning petticoats.

#### BALLOON EXPLORATION.

A novel and amusing scheme has been propounded for exploring the vast unknown interior of Australia. Mr. Charles Green, son of the veteran aeronaut of that name, proposes, in conjunction with J. J. O. Taylor, who has invented a screw propeller, to explore the interior of Australia by means of the famous Nassau balloon.

#### IN PRISON SIXTEEN YEARS FOR NOT PAYING A POOR RATE.

A professional gentleman, accompanied by an old countryman in a smock-frock, made the following extraordinary application to a county court in England the other day: He stated that he attended to obtain a summons against a person for perjury committed 16 years ago, and the consequence was that the old man by whom he was accompanied, had been incarcerated in the Queen's Bench prison during the whole of that lengthened period, and now, having obtained his release, sought reparation for the great injury that had been done him, at the hands of the law. The advocate further said that his client had been summoned in Warwickshire for a poor-rate, which he resisted, on the ground that he had no right to be assessed, and a distress warrant was subsequently levied upon his goods. An action was brought for the trespass, when the person against whom he now applied for the summons swore that the plaintiff in the suit (the old man) had neglected to obey the process issued by the magistrates, calling upon him to show cause why he neglected to pay the rate, when, in fact, he attended there to appeal against it, and was refused admittance by the person now complained of. The solicitor said he was not provided at that moment with the witnesses, but would procure them and appear again.

#### A PIOUS GARDENER WANTED.

A correspondent sends us the following gem of a pious advertisement taken from the *Gardener's Chronicle* of the 11th ult.:

WANTED.—A Gardener, by a Christian family, residing five miles from London; must be young and active, understanding his profession, and willing to make himself useful in the house. He must be savingly acquainted with the Lord Jesus Christ. Apply by letter, p. p., etc.

#### A DUEL AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

Two military divers, Jones and Girvan, having quarreled about a floor-timber of a wreck, engaged in single combat at the bottom of Spithead, when Jones kicked out the eye of his adversary's helmet, which immediately filled with water, and he would have been drowned if he had not been instantly pulled up.

#### BURIAL OF A MURDERER.

A verdict of *felo de se* having been returned at the inquest on the body of the man Charlton, who committed suicide after murdering a Mrs. Holroyd, a grave was dug the same day in the burial-ground attached to the primitive Methodist chapel at Great Horton, near Bradford. At eleven o'clock at night the corpse was conveyed to the spot. A crowd of more than two thousand people had assembled on the road in front of the chapel yard, and great confusion prevailed. The mob were loud in expressing their objection to the interment of the corpse. The authorities of the chapel were also opposed to its interment in the ground; and they had keen sympathizers in the crowd. They met the bearers of the coffin at the gates, and endeavored to prevent its entrance into the ground. Exclamations of "Throw it over the wall!" "Burn it!" etc., mingled with the uproar. By the aid of the police, the coffin was at last got to the grave-side; but then objection was taken to the grave not being deep enough, and also to its being an old one. The consequence was that the sextons proceeded to dig a new grave in a plot of virgin soil adjoining. Meanwhile, the noise and confusion prevailed for many hours. The interment was at length completed. Many of the crowd remained on the spot till five o'clock the following morning.

#### IRISH PLEASANTRIES.

A few evenings ago, as the candles were being extinguished upon the altar of Francis Street Chapel, Dublin, Ireland, a demented person named Redmond approached the altar with a stick in his hand and threw it at, or, as is by some alleged, struck the assistant while so engaged. This had the effect of enraging the congregation; and although the unfortunate man was a Roman Catholic, and belonged to that congregation, a cry of "Souper" (Protestant) was at once raised, and he was beaten with that brutality that his face was left a perfect mass of bruises; his chest and head were seriously injured, and when at length driven toward the door, the greater portion of his person and clothes was covered with blood. He was again knocked down, and the excited mob rushed at him and kicked him fiercely, amidst shouts of "Let me at him," "Finish the Souper," etc. The police interfered, and rescued the man from their clutches, receiving themselves some rough handling in so doing, and were followed by the mob, yelling and screaming, to Newmarket station, whither the lunatic was conveyed. The "Cain-like feeling"—the fiendish longing for blood—was now excited; and some malicious person having pointed out a party named Madine, also a Roman Catholic, as a "Souper," he too was set upon and beaten with equal ferocity. The police describe his appearance when rescued as truly shocking. A considerable reinforcement under Superintendent M'Carthy had now arrived, but were wholly unable to keep in any thing like bounds the furious passions of the mob, whose number had by this time swollen to upward of 3600. Desperate rushes were made from street to street; stones and bricks flew thickly, and almost every one of the officers or constables were more or less injured, one of the latter receiving a blow upon the face which leaves it doubtful for the present whether his jaw has not been broken; while another, Dawson, 84 A, was struck in the back with a large stone or brick, and so seriously hurt as to necessitate his removal to hospital. A set was made upon the Protestant schools of the locality; the windows of that in connection with the Irish Church Missions—which is held in the Weavers' Hall—being totally demolished, as were also those in the New-row School, in the parish-schools of St. Luke, and the glass in the large end-window of St. Bride's Church.

### FRANCE.

#### MORE IMPERIAL INFIDELITIES.

The gossip of Paris is busy with the reputation of the Emperor. It is stated that he will again seek the baths of Plombières, while the Empress will hasten to Biarritz, as soon as the legislative session closes. It is more than whispered that Louis Napoleon has ceased to regret the forced separation from his wife which his physicians insist upon. An Italian Duchess is said to have won his heart, and sowed discord in the chamber of the Empress.

#### A STRANGE BURIAL SCENE.

A certain *scandale* has been created in Paris by the strange circumstances attendant upon the burial of M. Vieillard, the senator. This personage, as every one well knows, was the ex-preceptor of the present Emperor's brother, who died in Italy, and had remained the most intimate of the present Emperor's friends, the man whom, with M. Mocquard, his private secretary, he looked upon as the surest and most entirely to be trusted of his adherents. Well, what people did not talk about, or perhaps sufficiently reflect upon, was this said M. Vieillard's determined Atheism. However, at his burial this was not to be left in doubt. A good number of persons, senators, chamberlains, and some old friends, congregated at M. Vieillard's house, and were preparing to accompany the coffin, as usual, to the church of the parish, when, to the astonishment and consternation of nearly every one present, M. Vieillard's brother announced that, by a special passage in his will, the deceased had desired that his body might upon no account enter inside any church, but be borne immediately to the burying-ground to be interred without the intervention of any clergy. Upon this declaration not a few of those assembled took their departure, and the hearse was principally accompanied to the cemetery by empty carriages and functionaries about the Court, who were not free to do as they chose. The clergy ask, if such were the principles of the Emperor's dearest friend, what are probably his own?

#### THE GOVERNORSHIP OF THE BANK.

M. d'Argout, the Governor of the Bank of France, has at length resigned. He gave in his resignation to the Emperor in person, and the news was communicated to the Bank Council. M. d'Argout has been Governor of the Bank ever since 1834, except during two short periods, when, at the request of Louis Philippe, he accepted the portfolio of Minister of Finance. He is now seventy-five years of age. Various names are put forward for the succession to the post. It is understood that it was offered to M. Schneider, M. de Morny's *locum tenens* as President of the Corps Legislatif, and it is said that he has declined the honor. M. de Parieu, a Vice-President of the Council of State, who has lately gained considerable credit for aptitude in financial matters, was lately talked of, but he also is reported to have refused. For the moment, the favorite candidate is M. Vintry, Councilor of State. In moneyed circles the name of M. Ernest André, one of the regents of the bank, and a man of very large fortune, is spoken of. There is a talk of the probability of the Deputy Governor of the bank following M. d'Argout in his retirement. In that case, M. Audouiller, the head of a department in the Finance Ministry, would be likely to succeed to the vacancy. The latter appointment would be a financial event, if it be true, as supposed, that M. Audouiller desires to abolish the receivers-general, and to establish a branch of the Bank of France in every department.

#### LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

A "warning" has been given to the *Journal des Chemins de Fer* for an article censuring certain government measures. The *Journal* said that railroads should not borrow money to pay dividends. That is revolutionary talk in Paris.

#### A KING'S HEART SENT BY EXPRESS.

In the sitting of the municipal council of Orleans, a few days ago, the mayor stated that the city possessed a precious relic, which had excited the attention of Monseigneur Gillis, Roman Catholic Bishop of Edinburgh, namely, the heart of Henry II., King of England, who died at Chinon in 1186, and was buried at Fontevrault. This heart, which had been inclosed in lead, was taken out of its case during the revolution, and passed into the hands of a collector of curiosities, and afterward became the property of the city. The mayor, thinking that Monseigneur Gillis would be happy to restore to his country this relic of one of its kings, proposed "that the municipal council of Orleans should authorize the mayor to deliver to the Bishop of Edinburgh, to be offered by him to the English government, the heart of Henry II., King of England." The proposition was agreed to unanimously.

#### A MUSICAL JOAN OF ARC.

Paris has lately been much exercised about the person of a distinguished pianist. *He* wore a black dress coat and irreproachable trowsers, and was remarkable for two things only; a pair of blue spectacles, and the particularity that he dedicated all his polkas and Tyroliennes (for nowadays every player is also a composer) to the Maid of Orleans. Alas! it was at last found out why he had chosen the virginal Jeanne d'Arc for his patroness, though he was not armed cap-à-pie like the French heroine. Monsieur E—— must, by order of the almighty police, resign himself to be called Mademoiselle E——. In despair, *she* wrote a petition to the chief magistrate, entreating to be further allowed the use of the masculine *he*; but laws and morals are inflexible. However, the poor pianist did not resort to the trowsers in order to commit a fearful havoc among the enemies of her country; she adopted the male costume simply in order to be less remarked for her uncommon ugliness. In the garb of a woman, she thought herself impossible and unbearable; in the dress of a man, she was but natural.

#### RACHEL TURNING A CHRISTIAN.

A young artist has recently returned from the East who accompanied Rachel from Egypt to Marseilles. He says that the celebrated *tragedienne* was in such delicate health during the voyage that she could not walk upon deck without support. Rumor has often said that Rachel had been converted. According to the *Pays*, she was upon the point of avowing the Catholic faith at the time of her sister Rebecca's death. She had a marble bust of Christ, and she constantly wore a chaplet blessed by the Pope.

#### THE GREAT CATHOLIC SAINT.

This is what the French organ of the Roman Catholic Church, the *Univers*, says of Saint Colette:

"Ste. Colette performed in the convent she had founded at Poligny, in the Jura, in 1417, one of the greatest miracles effected since the time of the Apostles. This miracle was witnessed by an innumerable crowd, and is testified to by ten authors worthy of faith. Ste. Colette had gone from Poligny to Besançon on business. She there knew by revelation that one of the nuns of her convent had just expired in Poligny from the results of a fault which she had not possessed the courage to confess. She learned that for her sake the judgment of the unfortunate creature had been suspended through the intercession of the Holy Virgin, and that she would be brought to life in order to confess her sin and obtain pardon. The saint at once dispatched a courier to Poligny to forbid the burial of the nun before her arrival. The curiosity of the town was excited by rumors. The saint had already recalled four dead persons to life—three at Besançon, one at Lons-le-Saulnier. The saint returned to Poligny after a delay of four days. The dead nun was in the church in an open coffin, where every body could see her. Such was the crowd which assembled from the town and neighboring villages to meet Ste. Colette that armed citizens were compelled to keep open a passage for her. Night and day the streets were filled, the doors and windows occupied, the church and convent surrounded by the people. In the morning the civic guard broke open the window of the "sacristie," through which the saint entered, accompanied by all the nuns and their confessors. She approached the dead body, and, after a short prayer, commanded it to rise in the name of Christ. The dead nun rose at once and knelt before the grand altar. At this miracle, the crowd which occupied the church was seized with terror and fled; for several hours there reigned an indescribable disorder and tumult. The nun continued to pray, and then confessed aloud her fault. After receiving absolution, the nun thanked the saint for having saved her, and avowed that but for her intercession she must have been lost. Then, recommending herself to the prayers of those present, she re-entered her coffin and once more expired."

#### HOW CRIMINALS ARE DEALT WITH IN FRANCE.

The Court of Assizes of the Ille-et-Vilaine, at Rennes, was some days ago occupied with the trial of a man named Loret, and his wife, for cruel treatment of the son of the former by a previous marriage. The subject of their cruelty is a lad about seventeen. According to the indictment, the gendarmes of the Commune of Chateauneuf, in which the prisoners resided, having in February last received information that this poor lad was perishing from sheer starvation, proceeded to the house, and in the corner of an old shed, almost without roof, found the poor lad lying on a heap of straw, in such a disgusting state of filth that, as the gendarme said, the smell of the place made him ill for some hours after. In this horrible condition the boy had been kept during the whole winter, nearly deprived of all kind of clothing. In order to endeavor to keep himself warm, he had crouched in such a manner that his limbs had at length become completely cramped, and he lost the use of them. His food had been nothing but scraps of bread, and those dealt in such small quantities as to be barely sufficient to keep him alive. No personal violence had been used toward him, but his step-mother, whenever she approached, loaded the lad with abuse, and it was her hatred that influenced his father. On the boy being discovered by the gendarme he was placed on a litter and conveyed to the hospital, and on the day of the trial he was brought into court on a mattress. The witness called clearly proved the case against the prisoners. Their counsel endeavored to establish that the cruelty practiced was not such as to bring them under the application of Article 344 of the Penal Code, since the lad had not been so completely fastened up but that he might have escaped; but this argument had no weight with the jury, who returned a verdict of Guilty, without extenuating circumstances, and the court condemned them to death. The prisoners, who had shown unfeeling apathy during the trial, shed tears on hearing the sentence.

#### AN UNLUCKY JAR.

A Neapolitan prince recently remarked in the shop of a dealer in curiosities at Paris a superb Japan jar, 5½ feet high, and very large. He bargained for it, but the tradesman insisted on having 4000 francs for it, while he was only willing to give 3000 francs; "but, said he, "if you had the fellow to it, its value would be infinitely greater." "No doubt, Excellenza; the value of the pair would be 15,000 francs." A few days ago the Neapolitan received a summons to return to his own country, and he went once more to try to obtain the jar. "I again offer 3000 francs," said he. "I will not take less than 4000 francs," answered the tradesman. "I leave to-morrow." "No matter, I will keep my jar." The next day, as the prince was superintending the packing up of his effects, a waiter of the hotel said, "Your excellency would no doubt be glad to find the fellow of the Japan jar? Well, there is one in the Faubourg St. Germain." "Is it possible?" "It is quite certain." "Beppo, my carriage!" Arrived in the faubourg, the prince saw that the jar was precisely the same as the one he had bargained for. "Where did you get it?" he asked the tradesman who showed it. "At the sale of the Duchess de Montebello; there was a pair of them, but I was outbid for the other." "Ah, yes, I understand. And what do you ask?" "4000 francs!" "He does not know," thought the Italian, "that the other jar is offered for sale in another part of Paris! If I give him 4000 francs for this I can buy the other at the same price, and so have for 8000 francs what is worth 15,000 francs." He bought the jar at once, paid for it, and had it conveyed to his hotel. He then went to the other tradesman and asked for the jar. He was told that the tradesman was out and that the jar had been taken away. He returned the next day, but could not see the dealer; but he learned subsequently that the jar which he had purchased for 4000 francs was the very one he had offered 3000 francs for, and that the waiter at the hotel had received 10 francs to inform the prince of the existence of the jar in the Faubourg St. Germain.

### RUSSIA.

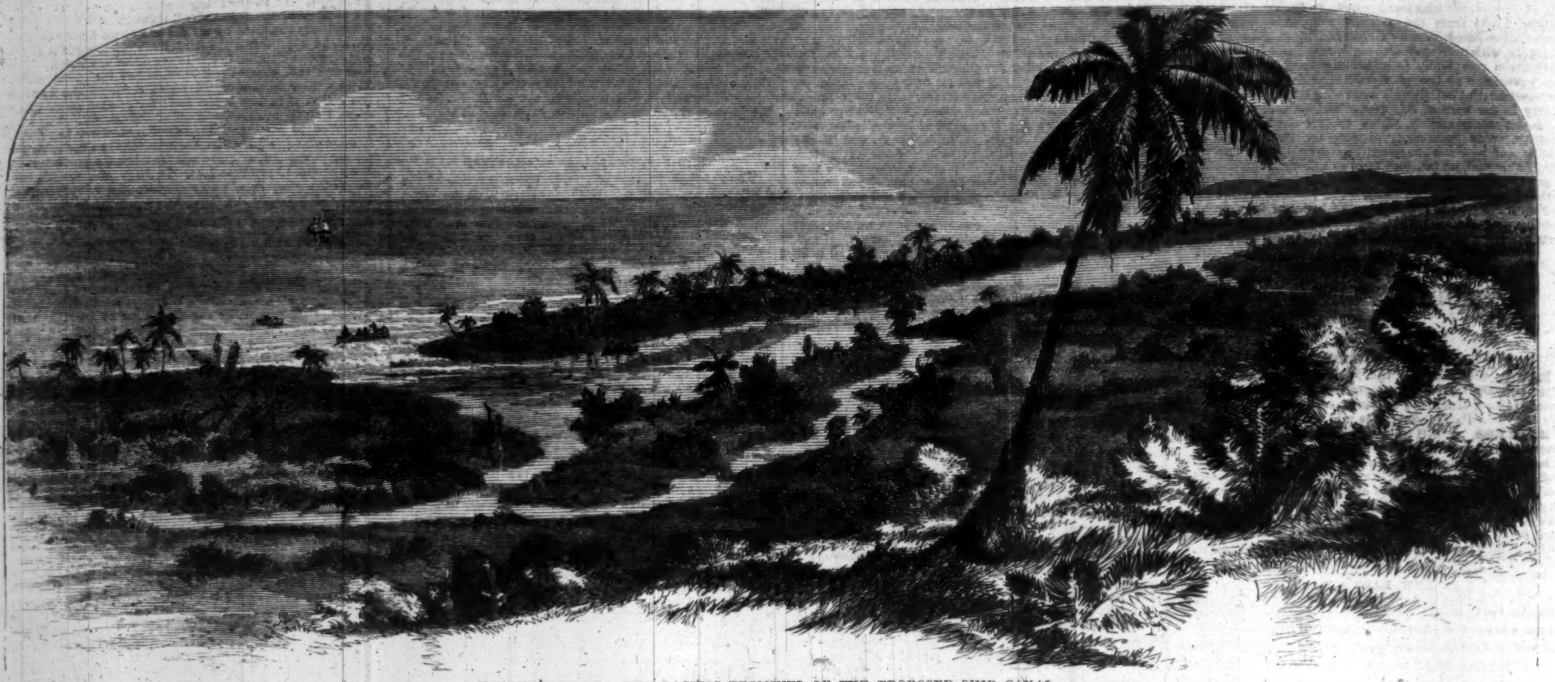
#### A BATCH OF HANGINGS.

A St. Petersburg letter, in the *Czas* of Cracow, gives the following extraordinary story: "A tragical drama has just taken place here. The agent of Count Sch——, who had been to the bank to receive a sum of 15,000 silver roubles, lost the packet of notes on his way home. The money was picked up by a clerk, who, instead of giving the property at once to the owner, followed him to his house, and inquired the name of the person who lived there. The finder of the money then returned home, hesitating in his own mind how he should act. When he arrived there a violent quarrel took place with him and his wife, the latter wishing to keep the money. The clerk, however, on the following morning, went to the house of the Count to deliver the sum, but the latter would not receive it, saying that his agent had committed suicide in the night, in consequence of the loss. Overcome with remorse, the clerk returned home, where he found that during his absence his wife had hanged herself, from vexation at not having kept the money. He immediately cut down the body, and hanged himself with the same rope!"

### ITALY.

#### ANOTHER OF THE POPE'S PRISONS.

Fort Urban is built upon a small hill in the centre of a marshy moor. It is entirely surrounded by ditches and deep wells of stagnant water, from which issue during the summer the most pestilential vapors and smells, besides breeding myriads of all sorts of insects, with which the air round the castle is loaded. It has been used by the Government as a sort of penitentiary, but has always been looked upon as the most unwholesome in the Pope's dominions. It was considered so bad that to this fortress all the worst-behaved convicts in other prisons were sent as a punishment. At present there are eight hundred prisoners here, of whom two hundred are detained without having been tried, and on the mere suspicion that if they were at liberty they might commit some political crime. Many of these poor creatures have been in confinement for years, and, although being suspected is their only crime, they are subjected to the same treatment as condemned convicts, although the greater portion of them belong to the best families of Bologna. They wear the same dress as the convicts, and are chained in a similar manner. They have chains on each leg, and in the centre is a ring; and when they go to bed, through the ring is put a chain, and then this chain is locked to the bed. Such is the system permitted by His Holiness the Pope. If any of these political prisoners offend the governor they are chained to the ground, on which they can creep about for three or four paces. Although many have cash, they are not allowed to buy any little luxuries or comforts, not even coffee; in short, they seem to suffer all the miseries of the middle passage as on board a slaver. When a prisoner is ill, no medical man can order his chains to be taken off. This must be by order of and in presence of the governor. It appears the medical men are anxious to mitigate the sufferings of the prisoners, but they not only have no power, but themselves are looked upon as suspicious characters. The poor prisoners are so altered that even their own relations do not know them. The mortality is very great among them. The healthy prisoners and those with the most offensive and disgusting diseases are all huddled together; but the air of this noisome prison is so bad that not the strongest constitution can bear up against it; and to this must be added that there is no provision for the common necessities of nature.



KELLEY'S INLET.—THE PACIFIC TERMINUS OF THE PROPOSED SHIP CANAL.

## THE ATRATO SHIP CANAL.

CONGRESS, at its last session, made an appropriation of $25,000 "for the purpose of making explorations and verification of the survey already made of a ship canal near the Isthmus of Darien, to connect the waters of the Pacific and Atlantic by the Atrato and Truando rivers." In most minds the Darien Ship Canal will be associated only with the disastrous expedition of Lieutenant Strain. Few have ever heard of the Atrato and Truando rivers; and fewer still will associate this modest appropriation with one of the most gigantic engineering projects ever conceived.

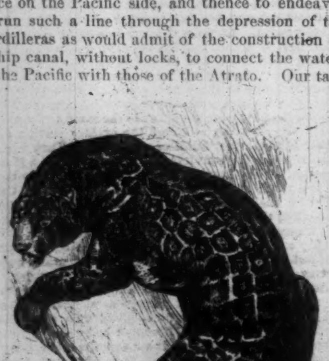
Our ordinary maps of Central America, imperfect as they are, show the Gulf of Darien cutting deeply into the Atlantic coast, just where the Isthmus expands into the Continent of South America. Emptying into the head of this Gulf is a river, draining the Antioquian Cordilleras on the east, and the Isthmus range on the west. This river is the Atrato—and, insignificant as it appears on the map, it is a noble stream. For nearly a hundred miles of its course it is fully half a mile broad, with a minimum depth of five-and-forty feet, except at its mouths, which, like those of the Mississippi, are obstructed by sand-bars. Its course is parallel with the line of the Pacific coast, from which it preserves an almost uniform distance of sixty or seventy miles.

About sixty miles from its mouth the Atrato receives a considerable tributary from the west. This stream, which is unnamed on our usual maps, is the Truando. Rising in the Isthmus Cordilleras, it even now forms a practicable channel for navigation by small vessels half-way across that narrow neck of land interposed between the commerce of the East and the West.

This much is shown by the maps; but there is a more significant fact which they do not indicate. Just at the head of the Truando, the Isthmus Cordilleras lose their continuous character, and approaching within a few miles of the Pacific, are broken down into low, isolated hills. This remarkable depression of the mountain range is plainly to be perceived by the voyager along the coast. Humboldt, half a century ago, observed it, and declared that through this gap, if any where, must run the canal that should unite the eastern and western oceans.

Subsequent investigations abundantly confirmed this opinion of the great traveler; and some years since a grant was given by the Government of New Granada for the privilege of constructing a ship canal along this line. This grant has been transferred to American hands; and the new proprietors took prompt measures to procure a scientific survey of the route.

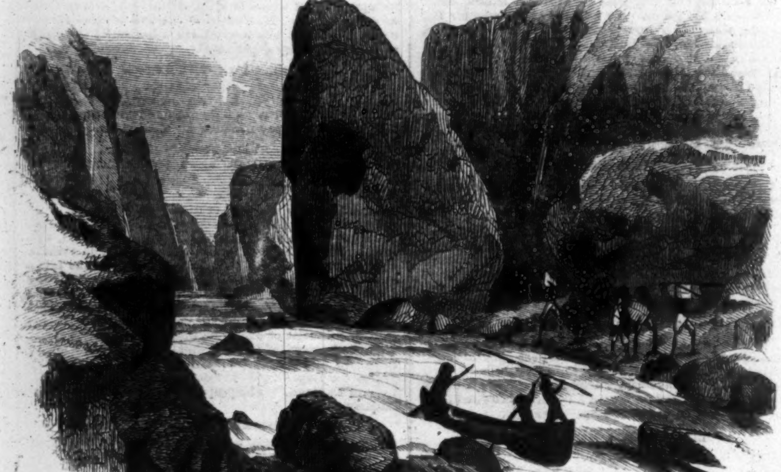
The writer of this article was one of the three engineers to whom this survey was intrusted. We were instructed to find some practicable landing-place on the Pacific side, and thence to endeavor to run such a line through the depression of the Cordilleras as would admit of the construction of a ship canal, without locks, to connect the waters of the Pacific with those of the Atrato. Our task was performed to the satisfaction of the holders of the New Granadan grant; and it was to verify the reported result of our investigations that the appropriation was made by Congress.



THE JAGUAR.

The chief of the corps was a veteran engineer who had accompanied Captain Prevost, of the British steamer *Virago*, in its attempt to co-operate in the unfortunate Darien Expedition of Lieutenant Strain, and had aided in the rescue of the survivors of that ill-fated expedition. Another member of the corps had commanded a steamer upon the Atrato; while the third—the writer of this article—had at least the advantage of a thorough acquaintance with the language and habits of the natives of the country which we were about to traverse.

We left Panama on the 10th of December, 1854.

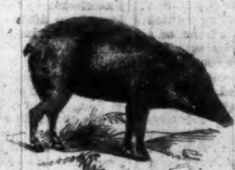


DESCENT OF THE RAPIDS.

Here we had purchased a *bungo*—an immense canoe of some ten tons burden, hollowed from the trunk of an *espavé*-tree—and hired a captain, two sailors, and a cook. We then crossed the Bay of Panama to the Gulf of San Miguel, where we secured the services of a half-breed named Mercao, a *curandero*, or snake-doctor, by profession, but withal an admirable seaman. At one of the ports on this Gulf we made two acquaintances who ultimately proved to be of essential service to us. One of these was Alexandro Domingo, the head man of the settlement at the mouth of the Jurador; the other was a Frenchman, the "patron" of a small schooner plying between that river and Panama.

From the Gulf of San Miguel we coasted southward to the Bay of Ardita, in latitude 7° 6′. The River Jurador empties into this Bay, and we had hoped that it might prove available as the Pacific terminus from which our surveys might commence. But we found it impossible, with our heavily-laden *bungo*, even to enter the mouth of this river. The long, constant Pacific swell from the southwest created such an array of breakers as would inevitably have swamped our boat had we attempted to pass them. We sailed on in search of a landing-place. We were directly opposite the depression through which we were to reach the Atrato. The low, undulating character of the country, as we saw it in slowly passing along, was highly encouraging. But the long line of white breakers forbade all attempt at landing until we reached Corredor, sixteen miles south of the Jurador. Here we found a finely sheltered harbor, in which we brought up on the 8th of January, 1855.

Corredor has a name, but no inhabitants. We landed, and encamped upon the beach. A rude hut of palm-leaves was soon erected, capable of sheltering a portion of the expedition, while the remainder hung their hammocks between the trees. A magnificent fire was soon blazing, by the side of which Hilario, our Panamese cook, established his culinary apparatus. The *curandero* and the sailors betook themselves to the woods in search of game, while we men of science set about investigating the capabilities of the harbor.



THE SAHEINA.

We had been informed that, at the mouth of the Paracuchici, somewhere between the Jurador and Corredor, was a beautiful lagoon, completely sheltered from the ocean, with which it communicated by a narrow channel. But how to find this channel, or to enter it without a pilot when found, was a serious question. But on the third day of our stay at Corredor we were agreeably surprised by a visit from the French "patron" whom we had encountered on the San Miguel. He informed us that, knowing we must put in at Corredor, he had walked down, at the request of Alexandro Domingo, in order to aid us in entering the inlet. He was our man out of a thousand; for he had often run his little ten-ton schooner through the boiling surf at Jurador, and was willing to run the risk of piloting us into the lagoon. We at once got on board our bungo, and as night fell we anchored half a mile off shore, right opposite the mouth of the inlet. It was a glorious tropical night, calm and serene, but we could hear the roaring of the breakers, through which we were in the morning to attempt to force our clumsy craft. All were aware of the peril we were about to undergo.

"If we enter," said our snake-doctor, somewhat dubiously, "why, we do enter.!"

"At any rate, we can die but once; so let us enjoy ourselves while we can," replied our pilot, coolly lighting his cigar.

Early in the morning, after enjoying a hearty breakfast, we hauled in toward the shore. The heavy rollers, breaking into long lines of white foam, looked more and more formidable as we advanced. The wind was light, and we must trust for safety to oars and helm. If our heavily-loaded bungo once fell into the trough of the sea, we knew that she must inevitably be swamped.

"Now, *muchachos*," said our pilot, as we were about to enter the breakers, "you know what you have got to do. Pull; give her headway; that's your part. I'll keep her head right. Señores," he added, turning to us, "keep perfectly steady, and in five minutes we'll be in smooth water."

We saw that he knew what he was about, and were reassured. In a moment we rose on the swell of the first breaker.

"Now pull, boys; pull *como demonios*—like very devils"—he shouted.

The men needed no second bidding. They bent themselves to their oars with a will, for it was a case of life and death. We were wrapped in a cloud of spray; and for a moment could see nothing, but I could feel that our bungo had shipped a considerable amount of water.

"That's one," said our pilot, as we passed the first swell. "Three more, and we are through them. Pull, boys; pull for your lives. Give her headway; that's all I want."

We rose on the second breaker, were again blinded by the foam and spray, and again settled down, not without shipping more water. The third and fourth breakers were passed in the same manner, our pilot all the while urging on and encouraging the men by voice and gesture.

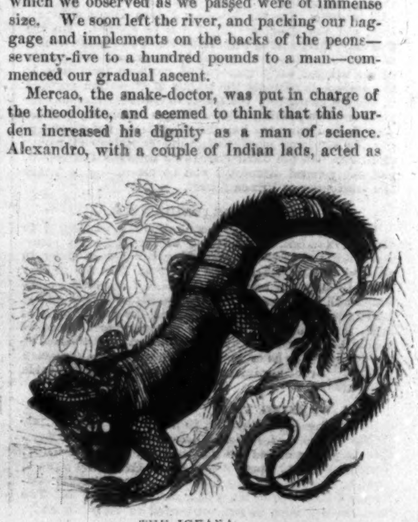
"*Gracias al buen Dios!*" said Mercao, drawing a long breath of relief as we glided into a narrow river, where our old bungo, unharmed, though sadly water-logged, lay perfectly quiet.

"Captain," said the pilot, coolly, "the boys have pulled like good fellows. Give them a taste of brandy."

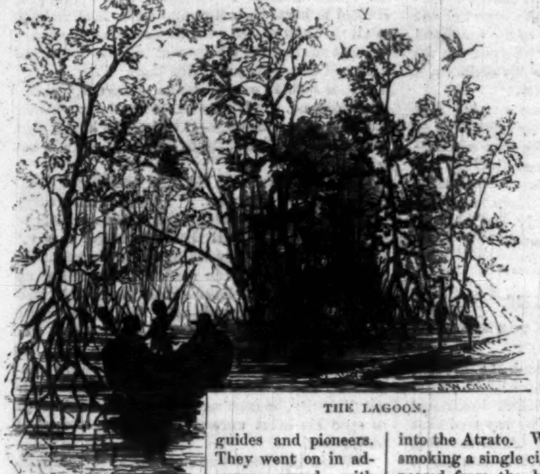
We pulled for half a mile up a narrow, winding channel overhung by dense mangroves, and then emerged into a beautiful sheet of water as smooth as an inland lake. Its length is three or four miles, with a breadth of several hundred yards. It is shut off from the ocean by a sand-spit overgrown with tall cocoa-palms. Landward a dense mangrove forest stretched away to the base of the nearest hills, which were low and rounded. We found that, by dredging out its muddy bottom, the lagoon would form precisely what we wanted—a capacious basin, admirably adapted for the terminus of a canal. We could only look upon it as a good omen, that just here, right in front of the lowest part of the Cordilleras, was such a basin, whose existence had never been suspected by the civilized world. We knew that science, steam, and perseverance were fully adequate to the task of constructing a navigable channel between the lagoon and the open ocean. We named the lagoon Kelley's Inlet, in honor of the promoter of the enterprise in which we were engaged.

For ten days we remained at Kelley's Inlet, busily engaged in its examination, and in making arrangements for an overland expedition to the Atrato. Our old acquaintance Alexandro Domingo had walked over from Jurador, and had assisted us to procure peons to paddle our canoes and carry our heavy baggage. We embarked in three canoes, and made our slow way along a sluggish and tortuous stream which empties into the lagoon. It was about twenty yards wide, winding through forests of mangroves, and here and there obstructed by fallen trees. The plantains and sugar-canes which we observed as we passed were of immense size. We soon left the river, and packing our baggage and implements on the backs of the peons—seventy-five to a hundred pounds to a man—commenced our gradual ascent.

Mercao, the snake-doctor, was put in charge of the theodolite, and seemed to think that this burden increased his dignity as a man of science. Alexandro, with a couple of Indian lads, acted as



THE IGUANA.



THE LAGOON.

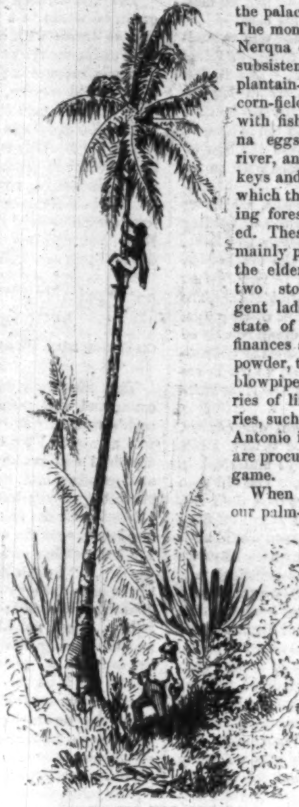
guides and pioneers. They went on in advance, armed with *machetas*, to cut away the underbrush and thick vines, which would have rendered our passage almost impracticable. Hilario, the cook, brought up the rear, loaded with the implements of his vocation.

As evening approached, we built our first *rancho* on the margin of a shallow stream. The construction of such a shelter is a very simple matter. Four, six, or eight upright stakes are cut and driven into the ground at proper intervals, to support a sloping roof composed of rafters neatly covered with palm-leaves. The floor is strewed with the same leaves, which, when covered with an India rubber blanket, form no undesirable couch for a weary traveler. The materials for such a shelter abound every where, and it is a part of the duty of the peons to construct them. One can be built by a couple of men in half an hour, and is in every way preferable to a tent in this climate; since, being open all round, it allows a free circulation of air, while affording complete protection from rain and dew.

Our progress was slow, not exceeding two miles each day, for it was our purpose to make a survey as well as an exploration; and at the close of each day's journey a *rancho* was built for shelter during the night.

We are accustomed to hear the mixed races of Southern America described as the lowest and most debased of men. Such certainly was not the case with Mercao, our snake-doctor. He was intelligent, active, and honest: a wiser man and better Christian than half of those who would consider themselves degraded by holding friendly intercourse with him. Finding in me a willing listener, he gave me much valuable information about the medicinal plants which abound in the province of Choco. He was not unwilling to converse freely concerning the principles and practice of his art, discriminating between its really remedial points and its traditional superstitious features. Upon one point, however, he maintained an obstinate reserve. Though doubtless perfectly acquainted with the manner of preparing the celebrated arrow poison of the Indians, he would never communicate the secret to me. Of a still higher grade was Alexandro Domingo, the head man at the Jurador settlement. Sixty-five years, though they had frosted his short curly locks, had not bent his tall form, or scarcely robbed it of the elasticity of youth. On one occasion, I remember, when our canoe was grounded on a mud flat, he leaped overboard, and wallowing, rather than swimming, through the slime, dragged us by main force for a full quarter of a mile to firm ground. No sooner had we landed than, as if to show how little he was affected by his exertions, he climbed like a monkey up the tall trunk of a cocoa and flung down as many nuts as we wanted, displaying on both occasions the strength and agility of a young man. His dark gray eye, intelligent features, and bronze complexion, denoted the mixture of Spanish and Indian blood, from which that of the negro was wholly excluded. To his strength, activity, intelligence, and goodwill, we were largely indebted for the successful issue of our labors.

For five days we made our way over low hills and thro' dense forests. At length, descending a steep hill, we found ourselves in the valley of the Nerqua, whose waters fall into the Atrato. While I was smoking a single cigar we had passed from the head-waters of streams falling into the Pacific, and reached those that find their way into the Atlantic. The extreme height of the dividing ridge is less than six hundred feet above the level of the oceans. So slight were the real difficulties of the way, that our heavily-loaded peons subsequently traversed in eight hours the distance which it had taken us five days to accomplish.



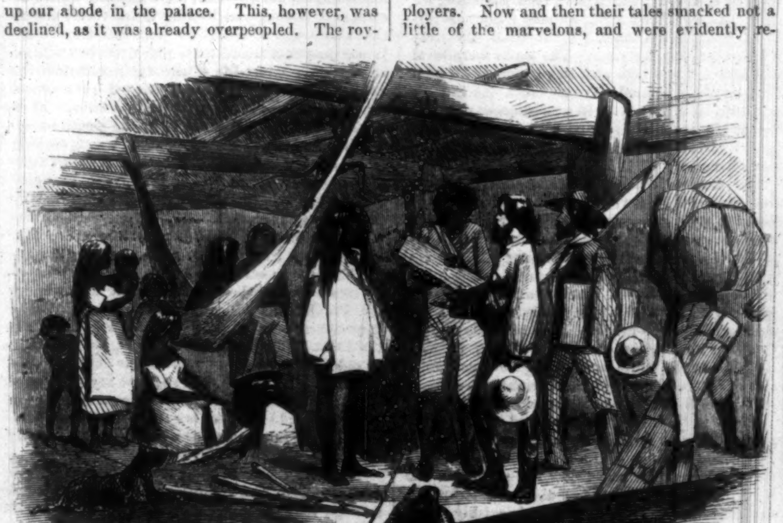
CLIMBING FOR COCOAS.

In the fertile valley of the Nerqua we found but a single family, that of an Indian named Captain Antonio. He was sole monarch of all he surveyed; and Alexandro was the recognized sovereign of the Jurador. The two potentates saluted each other with dignified courtesy. Antonio welcomed us to his dominions, and invited us to take up our abode in the palace. This, however, was declined, as it was already overpeopled. The royal family consisted of a wife, two grown-up princes, several princesses, besides a number of younger scions, who howled lustily when they set eyes upon us, for we were the first white men they had ever seen. A tame monkey filled the post of court buffoon, and a body-guard of dogs accompanied their master on hunting excursions, and guarded the palace by night. The monarch of the Nerqua derives his subsistence from a plantain-patch and corn-field, together with fish and iguana eggs from the river, and the monkeys and *pavas* with which the neighboring forests are filled. These latter are mainly provided by the elder princes—two stout, intelligent lads. As the state of the royal finances seldom permits them to purchase powder, they use the poisoned arrows and blowpipe of their ancestors. The necessaries of life are thus all at hand. Luxuries, such as tobacco and liquor—for King Antonio is far from a temperance man—are procured from Jurador in exchange for game.

LYING OFF THE INLET.

When supper was over, we lay upon our palm-leaf couches and listened to the *cuentas* with which our people entertained each other. These related chiefly to hunting adventures; and I could gather from these that in the valley of the Nerqua "tigers" are more abundant than in any other part of the province. This name, however, is misnomer, the animal so called being the jaguar.

The array of black and bronze faces grouped around the blazing camp-fire, the eager attention with which they listened to the narrator, and the hearty laughter with which any comical detail was greeted, formed a striking picture. Story-telling is an art much cultivated among the peons, it being considered a part of their duty to entertain as well as serve their employers. Now and then their tales smacked not a little of the marvelous, and were evidently received with many grains of allowance by the listeners.



THE KING OF THE NERQUA.

"I was once," said one of the peons, "hunting down here by the Chupepe, when I came upon the tracks of a tiger who had come down to the river to drink. The tracks were quite fresh, so I knew he could not be far off. I had my spear with me, and my little tiger-dog Juanito (*Anglice*, Johnny), and so was ready for him, if necessary. But I did not care to meet him, for I had a good load of turkeys (*pavas*), which I was carrying home; and you know the old woman would rather any day have a few arobas of good turkey-meat than a tiger's skin. Well, I thought I would let the tiger alone if he would let me alone. But I had not gone far before my little *tigrero* began to growl. Looking into the bush, I saw a pair of big, fiery eyes glaring out at Juanito, and watching all his movements. He was not near enough for a spring, but I could see him now and then make a sudden, creeping movement.

"'Oho,' said I, 'I see what you want. You want to make a supper off from Juanito. I can't allow that.' For, you see, I loved Juanito.

"Just then the tiger got near enough, and made a spring. But Juanito had his eyes open, and wasn't to be caught. He jumped one side, and began snapping at the tiger's hind-legs, to make him mad and confuse him till I could get a chance at him with my spear. The tiger wheeled about and struck out with his paws, growling like thunder and showing his teeth. And such teeth they were! As big, yes, bigger than Pedro's there."

Here he turned sharply round toward one of the blacks who was staring open-mouthed, making a most magnificent display of ivory. Taking advantage of the laughter excited by this sally, the narrator lighted a cigarrito which he had been rolling up, and, after a few whiffs, went on:

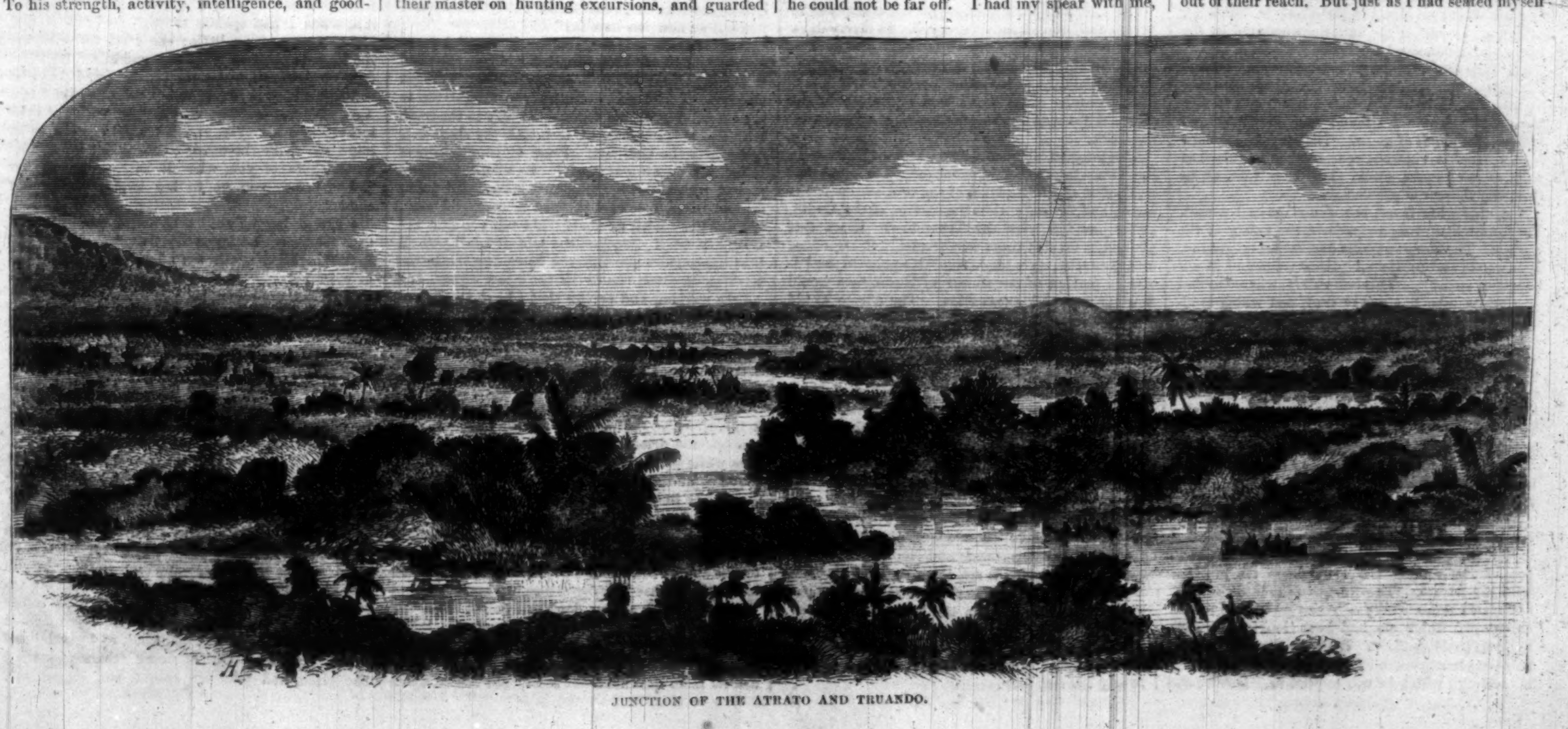
"Well, Señores, the tiger had been looking so sharply after the dog that he hadn't noticed me. But when he did see me, how his eyes glared! His blood was up, and I tell you a man must look out for a tiger when his blood is up. But just then Juanito made a snap at his haunches; the tiger forgot me for a moment, giving me a chance for my life. I didn't lose it, but leaped forward and ran my spear through and through him just behind the shoulder. If I had missed the spot, it would have been all over with me in two minutes. The blood poured from his mouth, but he would not give up so. He made ready for another spring; but Juanito kept worrying him so that he turned round and round so rapidly that I could hardly tell head from tail. At last he grew weak with loss of blood, and I got a chance for another blow or two, and finished him."

I asked Mercao if men were ever killed by tigers.

"Not very often, Señor," said he; "but now and then they are. I knew of an Indian once who had let his fire go out while he was asleep in his hunting *rancho* down by the Nerqua. He was dragged out of his bed by a tiger and killed. Another hunter once went out with his son. He left the boy alone in the *rancho* for a short time. When he came back, he found a tiger standing over the body of the lad. He killed the beast with his spear, but the boy was dead before; the tiger had killed him with one blow of his paw."

"But I would rather," continued Mercao, "meet the biggest tiger in New Granada than face a herd of *saheinas* (wild hogs) after having killed one of them. Ah! they are devils!"

"*Saheinas!*" exclaimed the tiger-hunter. "I'll tell you, Señor Medico, what happened once to me. I was kept a prisoner in a tree for a whole night, and almost all the next day, by a herd of these animals. I had speared one of them, when the whole band made a dash at me. I ran for a tree, and climbed out of their reach. But just as I had seated myself



JUNCTION OF THE ATRATO AND TRUANDO.

out on the end of a branch, I dropped my *macheta.* I had left my spear sticking in the dead hog, and was so quite unarmed. The whole herd rushed up to the foot of the tree, and there they staid grunting and grinding their tusks. They seemed to have made up their minds to wait there till I was tired out. I did not sleep much that night, you may believe. I could see my *macheta* lying right below me, and my spear still sticking in the dead beast, not far off. But what was the use? I could not get at them, or I would have tried my luck against the whole pack. The beasts understood the matter as well as I did. They kept looking up at me, as much as to say: 'Oh, don't hurry yourself; we can wait till you get tired of sitting up there. We're in no haste.'

"'This won't do,' thought I at last. All at once an idea struck me. The tree was covered with *rejucos* (vines) as tough as ropes. One of these I fastened to the end of my branch, and cautiously lowered myself down almost to the ground, taking good care not to get within reach of the *saheinas.* Then making a loop on the end of a small twig, I at last succeeded in fishing up my *macheta.* There I hung by my *rejuco.* The hogs thought I was tired out, and just ready to fall. So they crowded around grunting and champing, and I watched my chance, and, bending over, hacked and hewed away at their heads and necks till I had killed all of them but one. He was as savage as ever, and would not run away. But I jumped down and put an end to him."

"And ate him, too, I dare say, after your long fast?" said I.

"No, Señor; not all of him—not more than five or six pounds."

We remained many days in the valley of the Nerqua, occupied in exploring the neighboring country, in order to determine upon the best line of communication with the other side of the dividing ridge. Various ravines were examined, among which was the gorge of the Hingador, a small river which, after pouring over a precipitous descent of 160 feet, pursues its course to the Nerqua. Near the foot of these falls we discovered a hot spring, the temperature of which we found to be 110° Fahrenheit. I had just registered this fact in my notebook when I perceived the foot-prints of two animals—a large and a small one—in the soft sand.

"*Tigre! Tigre! y muy grande*—Tiger! Tiger! and a big one too!" shouted Miguelito. "There are two of them—an old one and her cub. And there they are," he continued, pointing toward a thick clump of bushes not ten yards off. "Hearken! don't you hear the old one?"

I listened, and could hear a low, angry growling. "What shall we do?" I whispered.

"*Vamonos.* Let us be off! That old one is dangerous, on account of her cub."

Our only weapons were two guns loaded only with shot; and we were quite willing to follow the advice of the Indian. If any one is disposed to think our retreat an inglorious one, let him call to mind the wrath of a cat, when some intruder approaches her interesting family. Now a jaguar is a cat six feet long, and formidable in proportion when her maternal instincts are aroused, and with her full allowance of the nine lives belonging to the feline race.

Of the feathered tribes of the province, the most notable is the *pavo de monte,* or wild turkey, as it is improperly called. In size it fully equals our domestic gobbler, and is so abundant that we could at any time shoot a dozen in an hour in the immediate vicinity of our encampment. Partridges are common; so are wild-ducks, which grow to an enormous size. Parrots abound, from the huge blue macaw, to the dainty little lorito, hardly larger than a sparrow. The great-billed toucan is a very common ingredient in the *sancocho* or stew of the natives. The musical flute-bird pipes by day, great owls hoot at night, while toward sunset the *paloma,* a species of pigeon, cries out in melancholy tones "*mucho pavo! mucho pavo!*" as if to remind the hunter that in the abundance of turkeys he may well be spared a shot. There is a species of gallinaceous fowl which gives out every half hour during the night an exact imitation of a railway whistle.

The preceding details indicate rather than describe the abundance and diversified forms of animal life which we found in these forests. When I subsequently read of the sufferings endured by the party under command of Lieutenant Strain, and of the almost entire absence of any form of animal life of which he speaks—I could hardly realize that his route lay within less than a hundred miles of the country where we found such abundant and unfailing supplies of game. The very frogs which kept up such a vigorous concert from the river in front of our *rancho,* would alone have relieved us from any danger of starvation.

Vegetable life is not less abundant and varied. The caoutchouc tree abounds in the valley of the Nerqua. The ivory nut palm covers acres of ground. Dye-woods and medicinal plants are found in exhaustless variety. This one valley, where the foot of a white man has rarely trod, and which is almost destitute of native inhabitants, contains half a million of acres of the richest alluvial soil, on which the plantain, the sugar-cane, and every other tropical production would grow with the utmost luxuriance. This fertile valley is of great importance in connection with the project of the Interoceanic Canal; since, if this is undertaken, a population of at least five-and-twenty thousand laborers will at once be thrown into this region now so bare of inhabitants; and these must form only the nucleus of a much larger population.

While we were thus engaged in our explorations, our peons, under the direction of Alexandro, had been engaged in constructing canoes for the purpose of descending the Truando to its junction with the Atrato. The Nerqua falls into the Truando, two miles above a series of rapids, to the descent of which we had been looking forward with no little anxiety. We were the more apprehensive since Alexandro had never seen these rapids through which he was to pilot us. But we had learned confidence in Alexandro, and had no hesitation in committing ourselves to his care.

The Nerqua down which we floated was so shallow, and so much impeded by the trunks of fallen trees, that our progress was slow. The Indian boys amused us and themselves by diving for iguanas. This miniature alligator divides its time between the boughs of the trees and the bottom of the river. The lads would dive from the bow of the canoe, and come up to the surface with an iguana in their arms.

At length we reached the Truando, which we found to be above the falls, some five-and-thirty yards in width, and from five to seven feet deep. Below the falls, where it reaches the level of the Atrato, its depth varies from ten to twenty-four feet. The rapids were really formidable. The river makes its way through a narrow rocky gorge, two miles in length, with perpendicular walls of igneous rock, which indicate a powerful disturbing action. Through this channel, which is encumbered with rocks and boulders, the river rushes with fearful velocity.

We found it necessary to unload our canoes, and carry their burden along the banks, while Alexandro and the two Indian boys undertook to pilot the canoes down the rapids. The old man acted as steersman, while the boys took their station at the bow, ready to fend the canoe off from the rocks, with which a single collision would have shattered it into a thousand fragments. Thus we reached in safety the head of the principal fall, which is twenty feet in height. Down this it was manifestly impossible to pass the canoes. We were accordingly compelled to haul them ashore, and drag them some hundred yards over the rocks. To effect this Alexandro made use of a very simple but effective engineering expedient. Poles were cut and laid across at proper intervals. Over these were placed longitudinally strips of freshly peeled bark, with the smooth glutinous inner surface upward. Along this simple *way* we easily pushed the canoes. Thus, without the loss of a single article, we succeeded in passing these formidable rapids.

Below these falls no danger was to be feared. We glided down the broad river, passing the "Palisades," an intricate labyrinth of islands covering several square leagues, formed by the accumulations of drift-wood which have been gathering for ages. As we floated along we shot numerous turkeys, wild ducks, and iguanas from the trees which overhung the river. The banks were level and alluvial, and here and there were to be seen deposits of the colored clays of which the Indians fabricate their pottery. In a subsequent exploration in Upper Choco, I found vast deposits of that pure white silicious clay from which porcelain is manufactured.

The descent of the Truando, from the falls to the Atrato, occupied two days. Once we were forced to drag the canoes over a barrier of drift-wood several yards in breadth, and we were compelled, two or three times, to cut away fallen trees whose trunks obstructed the channel. One night we slept in a deserted *rancho* built by fishermen who are accustomed to ascend from the Atrato; another night we were forced to pass in the canoes, sleeping as best we could in a sitting posture, carrying on the while a most vigorous consumption of cigars. The stars shone brightly over head, and the owls and lizards kept up a regular concert.

Early in the morning we entered the upper lagoon, oblong in form, and ten miles in diameter. The whole space is covered with lagoon grass or sedge, which takes root below the surface of the water, and rises several feet above it. Through this green expanse the river flows sluggishly. The stream has flung up levees on either side, which are covered with trees, the surface of the water being higher than that of the lagoons on each side. The great plain of the Atrato, like that of the lower Mississippi, is a swamp, liable to overflow, and inhabited by millions of alligators. These we saw basking upon the banks, or floating like shapeless logs upon the water, hardly condescending to dive under as we approached.

The day was far spent when we emerged from the lower lagoon, and one of the Indians shouted "*El Atrato!*"—a welcome cry to us, and we were soon on the bosom of that noble river.

Our task was accomplished, for the course of the Atrato had been already surveyed. In thirty days we had crossed from Kelley's Inlet, on the Pacific, to the Atrato; had surveyed a line along which it is demonstrably practicable to construct a canal from ocean to ocean; and had accumulated the material for a proximate estimate of the cost of the work.

The practicability of a canal without locks, from the Atrato to the Pacific, rest upon these two facts: *First,* that the mean level of the two oceans is the same; and, *secondly,* that the surface of the Atrato, at its junction with the Truando, is fifteen feet above the level of these two oceans. If, therefore, an excavation were made from this point to the Pacific, a portion of the waters of the Atrato would flow through this excavation. The Atrato would then have practically an embouchure upon either ocean—its present mouth in the Gulf of Darien, upon the Atlantic, and the artificial one, formed by this cutting, in Kelley's Inlet on the Pacific. The length of this cutting is sixty-three miles, of which more than thirty run along the level bed of the Truando, which only requires excavating to the required depth. Seven miles from Kelley's Inlet comes the foot of the dividing ridge, rising about 600 feet above the level of the oceans. Through this it is proposed to excavate a tunnel, four miles in length with its roof 90 feet above the water—a height sufficient to allow a line-of-battle ship to pass, with her top-mast and top-gallant-mast struck. The width is set down at 200 feet—sufficient to allow the largest ships or steamers to pass without collision. From the tunnel, either way, the canal, or rather the new river, will be an open excavation through rock and soil down to the required level. In some places the cutting must be nearly 200 feet deep.

The cost of such a work will be great. How great, he would be a bold man who should undertake to decide with certainty. The report of our chief estimates the entire expense of the canal and its appurtenances at $145,000,000. To perform the work would require, according to his estimate, a force of 25,000 men for twelve years.

That the canal can be made seems certain. But will it pay? This is a question for capitalists, to be looked at in connection with the vast and constantly increasing commerce between the East and the West—a commerce which must now pursue its long course around the Capes of Horn and Good Hope, but which would inevitably find its way through this new and shorter channel.

## THE DEAD SECRET.

### CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIFTH. THE STORY OF THE PAST.

The afternoon wore away, and the evening came, and still there were no signs of Uncle Joseph's return. Toward seven o'clock Rosamond was summoned by the nurse, who reported that the child was awake and fretful. After soothing and quieting him, she took him back with her to the sitting-room; having first, with her usual consideration for the comfort of any servant whom she employed, sent the nurse down stairs, with a leisure hour at her own disposal, after the duties of the day. "I don't like to be away from you, Lenny, at this anxious time," she said, when she rejoined her husband; "so I have brought the child in here. He is not likely to be troublesome again; and the having him to take care of is really a relief to me in our present state of suspense."

The clock on the mantel-piece chimed the half hour past seven. The carriages in the street were following one another more and more rapidly, filled with people in full dress, on their way to dinner, or on their way to the opera. The hawkers were shouting proclamations of news in the neighboring square, with the second editions of the evening papers under their arms. People who had been serving behind the counter all day were standing at the shop doors to get a breath of fresh air. Working men were trooping homeward, now singly, now together in weary, shambling groups. Idlers, who had come out after dinner, were lighting cigars at corners of streets, and looking about them, uncertain which way they should turn their steps next. It was just that transitional period of the evening at which the street-life of the day is almost over, and the street-life of the night has not quite begun—just the time, also, at which Rosamond, after vainly trying to find relief from the weariness of waiting by looking out of window, was becoming more and more deeply absorbed in her own anxious thoughts, when her attention was abruptly recalled to events in the little world about her by the opening of the room door. She looked up immediately from the child lying asleep on her lap, and saw that Uncle Joseph had returned at last.

The old man came in silently, with the form of declaration which he had taken away with him by Mr. Frankland's desire open in his hand. As he approached nearer to the window, Rosamond noticed that his face looked as if it had grown strangely older during the few hours of his absence. He came close up to her, and still not saying a word laid his trembling forefinger low down on the open paper, and held it before her so that she could look at the place thus indicated without rising from her chair.

His silence and the change in his face struck her with a sudden dread which made her hesitate before she spoke to him. "Have you told her all?" she asked, after a moment's delay, putting the question in low, whispering tones, and not heeding the paper.

"This answers that I have," he said, still pointing to the declaration. "See! here is the name, signed in the place that was left for it—signed by her own hand."

Rosamond glanced at the paper. There, indeed, was the signature, "S. Jazeph;" and underneath it were added, in faintly-traced lines of parenthesis, these explanatory words: "Formerly, Sarah Leeson."

"Why don't you speak?" exclaimed Rosamond, looking at him in growing alarm. "Why don't you tell us how she bore it?"

"Ah! don't ask me, don't ask me!" he answered, shrinking back from her hand, as she tried in her eagerness to lay it on his arm. "I forgot nothing. I said the words as you taught me to say them. I went the roundabout way to the truth with my tongue; but my face took the short cut, and got to the end first. Pray, of your goodness to me, ask nothing about it! Be satisfied, if you please, with knowing that she is better, and quieter, and happier now. The bad is over and past, and the good is all to come. If I tell you how she looked, if I tell you what she said, if I tell you all that happened when first she knew the truth, the fright will catch me round the heart again, and all the sobbing and crying that I have swallowed down will rise once more and choke me. I must keep my head clear and my eyes dry—or how shall I say to you all the things that I have promised Sarah, as I love my own soul and hers, to tell, before I lay myself down to rest to-night?" He stopped, took out a coarse little cotton pocket-handkerchief, with a flaring white pattern on a dull-blue ground, and dried a few tears that had risen in his eyes while he was speaking. "My life has had so much happiness in it," he said, self-reproachfully, looking at Rosamond, "that my courage, when it is wanted for the time of trouble, is not easy to find. And yet, I am German! all my nation are philosophers—why is it that I alone am as soft in my brains and as weak in my heart as the pretty little baby, there, that is lying asleep in your lap?"

"Don't speak again; don't tell us any thing till you feel more composed," said Rosamond. "We are relieved from our worst suspense now that we know you have left her quieter and better. I will ask no more questions—at least," she added, after a pause, "I will only ask one." She stopped; and her eyes wandered inquiringly toward Leonard. He had hitherto been listening with silent interest to all that had passed; but he now interposed gently, and advised his wife to wait a little before she ventured on saying any thing more.

"It is such an easy question to answer," pleaded Rosamond. "I only wanted to hear whether she has got my message—whether she knows that I am waiting and longing to see her, if she will but let me come?"

"Yes, yes," said the old man, nodding to Rosamond, with an air of relief. "That question is easy; easier even than you think, for it brings me straight to the beginning of all that I have got to say." He had been hitherto walking restlessly about the room; sitting down one moment and getting up the next. He now placed a chair for himself, midway between Rosamond—who was sitting, with the child, near the window—and her husband, who occupied the sofa at the lower end of the room. In this position, which enabled him to address himself alternately to Mr. and Mrs. Frankland without difficulty, he soon recovered composure enough to open his heart unreservedly to the interest of his subject.

"When the worst was over and past," he said, addressing Rosamond—"when she could listen and when I could speak, the first words of comfort that I said to her were the words of your message. Straight she looked at me with doubting, fearing eyes. 'Was her husband there to hear her?' she says. 'Did he look angry? did he look sorry? did he change ever so little, when you got that message from her?' And I said, 'No: no change, no anger, no sorrow, nothing like it.' And she said again, 'Has it made between them no misery? has it nothing wrenched away of all the love and all the happiness that binds them the one to the other?' And once more I answer to that, 'No! no misery, no wrench. See now! I shall go my ways at once to the good wife, and fetch her here to answer for the good husband with her own tongue.' While I speak those words there flies out over all her face a look—no, not a look—a light, like a sun-flash. While I can count one, it lasts; before I can count two, it is gone; the face is all dark again; it is turned away from me on the pillow, and I see the hand that is outside the bed begin to crumple up the sheet. 'I shall go my ways, then, and fetch the good wife,' I say again. And she says, 'No! not yet. I must not see her, I dare not see her till she knows—' and there she stops, and the hand crumples up the sheet again, and softly, softly, I say to her, 'Knows what?' and she answers me, 'What I, her mother, can not tell her to her face, for shame.' And I say, 'So, so, my child! tell it not, then—tell it not at all.' She shakes her head at me, and wrings her two hands together, like this, on the bed-cover. 'I *must* tell it,' she says. 'I must rid my heart of all that has been gnawing, gnawing, gnawing at it, or how shall I feel the blessing that the seeing her will bring to me, if my conscience is only clear?' Then she stops a little, and lifts up her two hands, so, and cries out loud, 'Oh, will God's mercy show me no way of telling it that will spare me before my child!' And I say, 'Hush, then! there is a way. Tell it to Uncle Joseph, who is the same as father to you! Tell it to Uncle Joseph, whose little son died in your arms, whose tears your hand wiped away, in the grief-time long ago! Tell it, my child, to *me;* and *I* shall take the risk, and the shame (if there is shame) of telling it again. I, with nothing to speak for me but my white hair; I, with nothing to help me but my heart that means no harm—I shall go to that good and true woman, with the burden of her mother's grief to lay before her; and, in my soul of souls I believe it, she will not turn me away!'"

He paused, and looked at Rosamond. Her head was bent down over her child; her tears were dropping slowly, one by one, on the bosom of his little white dress. Waiting a moment to collect herself before she spoke, she held out her hand to the old man, and firmly and gratefully met the look he fixed on her.

"Oh, go on, go on!" she said. "Let me prove to you that your generous confidence in me is not misplaced!"

"I knew it was not, from the first, as surely as I know it now!" said Uncle Joseph. "And Sarah, when I had spoken to her, she knew it too. She was silent for a little; she cried for a little; she leaned over from the pillow and kissed me here, on my cheek, as I sat by the bedside; and then she looked back, back, back, in her mind, to the Long Ago, and very quietly, very slowly, with her eyes looking into my eyes, and her hand resting so in mine, she spoke the words to me that I must now speak again to you, who sit here to-day as her judge, before you go to her to-morrow, as her child."

"Not as her judge!" said Rosamond. "I can not, I must not hear you say that."

"I speak her words, not mine," rejoined the old man, gravely. "Wait, before you bid me change them for others—wait, till you know the end."

He drew his chair a little nearer to Rosamond, paused for a minute or two, to arrange his recollections, and to separate them one from the other; then resumed:

"As Sarah began with me," he said, "so I, for my part, must begin also—which means to say, that I go down now through the years that are past, to the time when my niece went out to her first service. You know that the sea-captain, the brave and good man Treverton, took for his wife an artist on the stage—what they call play-actress here? A grand, big woman, and a handsome; with a life, and a spirit, and a will in her, that is not often seen: a woman of the sort who can say, We will do this thing, or that thing—and do it in the spite and face of all the scruples, all the obstacles, all the oppositions in the world. To this lady there comes for maid to wait upon her, Sarah, my niece—a young girl then, pretty, and kind, and gentle, and very, very shy. Out of many others who want the place, and who are bolder, and bigger, and quicker girls, Mrs. Treverton, nevertheless, picks Sarah. This is strange, but it is stranger yet that Sarah, on her part, when she comes out of her first fears, and doubts, and pains of shyness about herself, gets to be fond with all her heart of that grand and handsome mistress, who has a life, and a spirit, and a will of the sort that is not often seen. This is strange to say, but it is also, as I know from Sarah's own lips, every word of it true."

"True beyond a doubt," said Leonard. "Most of the strong attachments in the world are formed between people who are unlike each other."

"So the life they led in that ancient house of Porthgenna began happily for them all," continued the old man. "The love that the mistress had for her husband was so full in her heart, that it overflowed in kindness to every body who was about her, and to Sarah, her maid, before all the rest. She would have nobody but Sarah to read to her, to work for her, to dress her in the morning and the evening, and to undress her at night. She was as familiar as a sister might have been with Sarah, when the two were alone, in the long days of rain. It was the game of her idle time—the laugh that she liked most—to astonish the poor country maid, who had never so much as seen what a theatre's inside was like, by dressing in fine clothes, and painting her face, and speaking and doing all that she had done on the theatre-scene, in the days that were before her marriage. The more she startled and puzzled Sarah with these jokes and pranks of masquerade, the better she was always pleased. For a year this easy, happy life went on in the ancient house—happy for all the servants—happier still for the master and mistress, but for the want of one thing to make the whole complete, one little blessing, that was always hoped for, and that never came—the same, if you please, as the blessing in the long white frock, with the plump delicate face and the tiny arms, that I see before me now."

He paused, to point the allusion by nodding and smiling at the child in Rosamond's lap; then resumed.

"As the new year gets on," he said, "Sarah sees in the mistress a change. The good sea-captain is a man who loves children, and is fond of getting to the house all the little boys and girls of his friends round about. He plays with them, he kisses them, he makes them presents—he is the best friend the little boys and girls have ever had. The mistress, who should be their best friend too, looks on and says nothing; looks on, red sometimes, and sometimes pale; goes away into her room where Sarah is at work for her, and walks about, and finds fault; and one day lets the evil temper fly out of her at her tongue, and says, 'Why have I got no child for my husband to be fond of? Why must he kiss and play always with the children of other women? They take his love away for something that is not mine. I hate those children and their mothers too!' It is her passion that speaks then, but it speaks what is near the truth for all that. She will not make friends with any of those mothers; the ladies she is familiar-fond with are the ladies who have no children, or the ladies whose families are all up-grown. You think that was wrong of the mistress?"

He put the question to Rosamond, who was toying thoughtfully with one of the baby's hands which was resting in hers. "I think Mrs. Treverton was very much to be pitied," she answered, gently lifting the child's hand to her lips.

"Then I, for my part, think so too," said Uncle Joseph. "To be pitied?—yes! To be more pitied some months after, when there is still no child and no hope of a child, and the good sea-captain says, one day, 'I rust here, I get old with much idleness, I want to be on the sea again. I shall ask for a ship.' And he asks for a ship, and they give it him, and he goes away on his cruises—with much kissing and fondness at parting from his wife—but still he goes away. And when he is gone, the mistress comes in again where Sarah is at work for her on a fine new gown, and snatches it away, and casts it down on the floor, and throws after it all the fine jewels she has got on her table, and stamps and cries with the misery and the passion that is in her. 'I would give all those fine things, and go in rags for the rest of my life to have a child!' she says. 'I am losing my husband's love; he would never have gone away from me if I had brought him a child!' Then she looks in the glass, and says between her teeth, 'Yes! yes! I am a fine woman with a fine figure, and I would change places with the ugliest, crookedest wretch in all creation, if I could only have a child!' And then she tells Sarah that the captain's brother spoke the vilest of all vile words of her when she was married, because she was an artist on the stage; and she says, 'If I have no child, who but he—the rascal-monster that I wish I could kill!—who but he will come to possess all that the captain has got?' And then she cries again, and says, 'I am losing his love—ah, I know it, I know it!—I am losing his love!' Nothing that Sarah can say will alter her thoughts about that. And the months go on, and the sea-captain comes back, and still there is always the same secret grief growing and growing in her mistress's heart—growing and growing till it is now the third year since the marriage, and there is no hope yet of a child; and, once more the sea-captain gets tired on the land, and goes off again for his cruises—long cruises, this time; away, away, away, at the other end of the world."

Here Uncle Joseph paused once more, apparently hesitating a little about how he should go on with the narrative. His mind seemed to be soon relieved of its doubts, but his face saddened, and his tones sank lower when he addressed Rosamond again.

"I must, if you please, go away from the mistress now," he said, "and get back to Sarah, my niece, and say one word also of a mining man, with the Cornish name of Polwheal. This was a young man that worked well and got good wage, and kept a good character. He lived with his mother in the little village that is near the ancient house; and seeing Sarah from time to time, took much fancy to her, and she to him. So the end came that the marriage promise was between them given and taken; as it happened, about the time when the sea-captain was back after his first cruises, and just when he was thinking of going away in a ship again. Against the marriage promise nor he nor the lady his wife had a word to object, for the miner, Polwheal, had good wage and kept a good character. Only the mistress said that the loss of Sarah would be sad to her—very sad; and Sarah answered that there was yet no hurry to part. So the weeks go on, and the sea-captain sails away again for his long cruises; and about the same time also the mistress finds out that Sarah frets and looks not like herself, and that the miner, Polwheal, he lurks here and lurks there, round about the house; and she says to herself, 'So! so! Am I standing too much in the way of this marriage? For Sarah's sake that shall not be!' And she calls for them both one evening, and talks to them kindly, and sends away to put up the banns next morning the young man Polwheal. That night it is his turn to go down into the Porthgenna mine, and work after the hours of the day. With his heart all light, down into that dark he goes. When he rises to the world again, it is the dead body of him that is drawn up—the dead body, with all the young life, by the fall of a rock, crushed out in a moment. The news flies here—the news flies there. With no break, with no warning, with no comfort near, it comes on a sudden to Sarah, my niece. When to her sweetheart that evening she had said good-by, she was a young, pretty girl; when, six little weeks after, she, from the sick bed where the shock threw her, got up, all her youth was gone, all her hair was gray, and in her eyes the fright-look was fixed that has never left them since."

The simple words drew the picture of the miner's death, and of all that followed it, with a startling distinctness—with a fearful reality. Rosamond shuddered and looked at her husband. "Oh, Lenny!" she murmured, "the first news of your blindness was a sore trial to me, but what was it to *this!*"

"Pity her!" said the old man. "Pity her for what she suffered then! Pity her for what came after—that was worse. Yet five, six, seven weeks pass after the death of the mining man, and Sarah in the body suffers less, but in the mind suffers more. The mistress, who is kind and good to her as any sister could be, finds out, little by little, something in her face which is not the pain-look, not the fright-look, not the grief-look—something which the eyes can see, but which the tongue can not put into words. She looks and thinks, looks and thinks, till there steals into her mind a doubt which makes her tremble at herself, which drives her straight forward into Sarah's room, which sets her eyes searching through and through Sarah, to her inmost heart. 'There is something on your mind besides your grief for the dead and gone,' she says, and catches Sarah by both the arms before she can turn away, and looks her in the face, front to front, with curious eyes that search and suspect, steadily. 'The miner man, Polwheal,' she says; 'my mind misgives me about the miner man, Polwheal. Sarah! I have been more friend to you than mistress. As your friend I ask you, now—tell me all the truth.' The question waits, but no word of answer! only Sarah struggles to get away, and the mistress holds her tighter yet, and goes on and says, 'I know that the marriage promise passed between you and miner Polwheal; I know that if ever there was truth in man, there was truth in him; I know that he went out from this place to put the banns up for you and for him in the church. Have secrets from all the world besides, Sarah, but have none from *me*. Tell me this minute—tell me the truth. Of all the lost creatures in this big, wide world, are you—?' Before she can say the words that are next to come, Sarah falls on her knees, and cries out suddenly to be let go away to hide and die, and be heard of no more. That was all the answer she gave. It was enough for the truth then—it is enough for the truth now."

He sighed bitterly, and ceased speaking for a little while. No voice broke the reverent silence that followed his last words. The one living sound that stirred in the stillness of the room was the light breathing of the child, as he lay asleep in his mother's arms.

"That was all the answer," repeated the old man, "and the mistress, who heard it, says nothing for some time after, but still looks straight forward into Sarah's face, and grows paler and paler the longer she looks—paler and paler, till on a sudden she starts, and at one flash the red flies back into her face. 'No,' she says, whispering and looking at the door, 'once your friend, Sarah, always your friend. Stay in this house, keep your own counsel, do as I bid you, and leave the rest to me.' And with that she turns round quick on her heel, and falls to walking up and down the room—faster, faster, faster, till she is out of breath. Then she pulls the bell with an angry jerk, and calls out loud at the door, 'The horses! I want to ride!' then turns upon Sarah. 'My gown for riding in! Pluck up your heart, poor creature! On my life and honor, I will save you! My gown—my gown, then! I am mad for a gallop in the open air!' And she goes out in a fever of the blood, and gallops, gallops, till the horse reeks again, and the groom man who rides after her wonders if she is mad. When she comes back, for all that ride in the air, she is not tired. The whole evening after, she is now walking about the room, and now striking loud tunes all mixed up together on the piano. At the bedtime she can not rest. Twice, three times in the night she frightens Sarah by coming in to see how she does, and by saying always those same words over again, 'Keep your own counsel, do as I bid you, and leave the rest to me.' In the morning she lies late, sleeps, gets up very pale and quiet, and says to Sarah, 'No word more between us two of what happened yesterday—no word till the time comes when you fear the eyes of every stranger who looks at you. Then I shall speak again. Till that time let us be as we were before I put the question yesterday, and before you told the truth.'"

At this point he broke the thread of the narrative again, explaining, as he did so, that his memory was growing confused about a question of time, which he wished to state correctly in introducing the series of events that were next to be described.

"Ah, well! well!" he said, shaking his head, after vainly endeavoring to pursue the lost recollection. "For once, I must acknowledge that I forget. Whether it was two months, or whether it was three, after the mistress said those last words to Sarah, I know not—but at the end of the one time or of the other, she, one morning, orders her carriage and goes away alone to Truro. In the evening she comes back with two large flat baskets. On the cover of the one there is a card, and written on it are the letters, 'S. L.' On the cover of the other there is a card, and written on it are the letters, 'R. T.' The baskets are taken into the mistress's room, and Sarah is called, and the mistress says to her, 'Open the basket with S. L. on it; for those are the letters of your name, and the things in it are yours.' Inside, there is first a box, which holds a grand bonnet of black lace; then a fine, dark shawl; then black silk of the best kind, enough to make a gown; then linen and stuff for the under garments, all of the finest sort. 'Make up those things to fit yourself,' says the mistress. 'You are so much littler than I, that to make the things up new is less trouble than from my fit to yours to alter old gowns.' Sarah, to all this says, in astonishment, 'Why?' And the mistress answers, 'I will have no questions. Remember what I said; keep your own counsel, and leave the rest to me!' So she goes out, and leaves Sarah to work; and the next thing she does is to send for the doctor to see her. He asks what is the matter; gets for answer that she feels strangely, and not like herself; also that she thinks the soft air of Cornwall makes her weak. The days pass, and the doctor comes and goes, and, say what he may, those two answers are always the only two that he can get. All this time Sarah is at work; and when she has done, the mistress says, 'Now for the other basket, with R. T. on it; for those are the letters of my name, and the things in it are mine.' Inside this there is first a box which holds a common bonnet of black straw; then a coarse, dark shawl; then a gown of good common black stuff; then linen, and other things for the under-garments, that are only of the sort called second best. 'Make up all that rubbish,' says the mistress, 'to fit me. No questions! You have always done as I told you; do as I tell you now, or you are a lost woman.' When the rubbish is made up, she tries it on, and looks in the glass, and laughs in a way that is wild and desperate to hear. 'Do I make a fine, buxom, comely, servant-woman?' she says. 'Ha! but I have acted that part times enough in my past days on the theatre scene.' And then she takes off the clothes again, and bids Sarah pack them up at once in one trunk, and pack the things she has made for herself in another. 'The doctor orders me to go away out of this damp-soft Cornwall climate, to where the air is fresh and dry, and cheerful-keen!' she says, and laughs again, till the room rings with it. At the same time Sarah begins to pack, and takes some knick-knack things off the table, and among them a brooch which has on it the likeness of the sea-captain's face. The mistress sees her, turns white in the cheeks, trembles all over, snatches the brooch away and locks it up in the cabinet in a great hurry, as if the look of it frightened her. 'I shall leave that behind me,' she says, and turns round on her heel, and goes quickly out of the room. You guess, now, what the thing was that Mistress Treverton had it in her mind to do?"

He addressed the question to Rosamond first, and then repeated it to Leonard. They both answered in the affirmative, and entreated him to go on.

"You guess?" he said. "It is more than Sarah at that time could do. What with the misery in her own mind, and the strange ways and strange words of her mistress, the wits that were in her were all confused. Nevertheless what her mistress had said to her that she has always done; and together alone those two from the house of Porthgenna drive away. Not a word says the mistress till they have got to the journey's end for the first day, and are stopping at their inn among strangers for the night. Then at last she speaks out, 'Put you on, Sarah, the good linen and the good gown to-morrow,' she says, 'but keep the common bonnet and the common shawl till we get into the carriage again. I shall put on the coarse linen and the coarse gown, and keep the good bonnet and shawl. We shall pass so the people at the inn, on our way to the carriage, without very much risk of surprising them by our change of gowns. When we are out on the road again, we can change bonnets and shawls in the carriage—and then, it is all done. You are the married lady, Mrs. Treverton, and I am your maid who waits on you, Sarah Leeson.' At that the glimmering on Sarah's mind breaks in at last; she shakes with the fright it gives her, and all she can say is, 'Oh, mistress! for the love of Heaven, what is it you mean to do?' 'I mean,' the mistress answers, 'to save you, my faithful servant, from disgrace and ruin; to prevent every penny that the captain has got from going to that rascal-monster, his brother, who slandered me; and, last and most, I mean to keep my husband from going away to sea again, by making him love me as he has never loved me yet. Must I say more, you poor, afflicted, frightened creature—or is it enough so?' And all that Sarah can answer, is to cry bitter tears, and to say, faintly, 'No.' 'Do you doubt,' says the mistress, and grips her by the arm, and looks her close in the face with fierce eyes, 'Do you doubt which is best, to cast yourself into the world forsaken, and disgraced, and ruined, or to save yourself from shame, and make a friend of me for the rest of your life? You weak, wavering, baby-woman, if you can not decide for yourself, I shall for you. As I will, so it shall be! To-morrow, and the day after, and the day after that, we go on and on, up to the north, where my good fool of a doctor says the air is cheerful-keen—up to the north, where nobody knows me or has heard my name. I, the maid, shall spread the report that you, the lady, are weak in your health. No strangers shall you see, but the doctor and the nurse, when the time to call them comes. Who they may be I know not; but this I do know, that the one and the other will serve our purpose without the least suspicion of what it is; and that when we get back to Cornwall again, the secret between us two will to no third person have been trusted, and will remain a Dead Secret to the end of the world!' With all the strength of the strong will that is in her, at the hush of night and in a house of strangers, she speaks those words to the woman of all women the most frightened, the most afflicted, the most helpless, the most ashamed. What need to say the end? On that night Sarah first stooped her shoulders to the burden that has weighed heavier and heavier on them with every year, for all her after-life."

"How many days did they travel toward the north?" asked Rosamond, eagerly. "Where did the journey end? In England or in Scotland?"

"In England," answered Uncle Joseph. "But the name of the place escapes my foreign tongue. It was a little town by the side of the sea—the great sea that washes between my country and yours. There they stopped, and there they waited till the time came to send for the doctor and the nurse. And as Mistress Treverton had said it should be, so, from the first to the last, it was. The doctor and the nurse, and the people of the house, were all strangers; and to this day, if they still live, they believe that Sarah was the sea-captain's wife, and that Mistress Treverton was the maid who waited on her. Not till they were far back on their way home with the child did the two change gowns again, and return each to her proper place. The first friend at Porthgenna that the mistress sends for to show the child to, when she gets back, is the other doctor who lives there. 'Did you think what was the matter with me, when you sent me away to change the air?' she says, and laughs. And the doctor, he laughs too, and says, 'Yes, surely! but I was too cunning to say what I thought in those early days, because, at such times, there is always fear of a mistake. And you found the fine dry air so good for you that you stopped?' he says. 'Well, that was right! right for yourself, and right also for the child.' And the doctor laughs again and the mistress with him, and Sarah, who stands by and hears them, feels as if her heart would burst within her with the horror, and the misery, and the shame of that deceit. When the doctor's back is turned, she goes down on her knees, and begs and prays with all her soul that the mistress will repent and send her away with her child, to be heard of at Porthgenna no more. The mistress, with that tyrant-will of hers, has but four words of answer to give: 'It is too late!' Five weeks after the sea-captain comes back, and the 'Too late' is a truth that no repentance can ever alter more. The mistress's cunning hand that has guided the deceit from the first, guides it always to the last—guides it so that the captain, for the love of her and of the child, goes back to the sea no more—guides it till the time when she lays her down on the bed to die, and leaves all the burden of the secret, and all the guilt of the confession to Sarah—to Sarah, who, under the tyranny of that tyrant-will, has lived in the house for five long years a stranger to her own child!"

"Five years!" murmured Rosamond, raising the baby gently in her arms, till his face touched hers. "Oh, me! five long years a stranger to the blood of her blood, to the heart of her heart!"

"And all the years after!" said the old man. "The lonesome years and years among strangers, with no sight of the child that was growing up, with no heart to pour the story of her sorrow into the ear of any living creature—not even into mine! 'Better,' I said to her, when she could speak to me no more, and when her face was turned away again on the pillow, 'a thousand times better, my child, if you had told the Secret!' 'Could I tell it,' she said, 'to the master who trusted me? Could I tell it afterward to the child, whose very birth was a reproach to me? Could she listen to the story of her mother's shame, told by her mother's lips? How will she listen to it now, Uncle Joseph, when she hears it from *you?* Remember the life she has led, and the high place she has held in the world. How can she forgive me? How can she ever look at me in kindness again?'"

"You never left her," cried Rosamond, interposing before he could say more; "surely, surely, you never left her with that thought in her heart!"

Uncle Joseph's head drooped on his breast. "What words of mine could change it?" he asked, sadly.

"Oh, Lenny! do you hear that? I must leave you and leave the baby. I must go to her, or those last words about me will break my heart." The passionate tears burst from her eyes as she spoke; and she rose hastily from her seat, with the child in her arms.

"Not to-night," said Uncle Joseph. "She said to me at parting, 'I can bear no more to-night; give me till the morning to get as strong as I can.'"

"Oh! go back then yourself!" cried Rosamond. "Go, for God's sake, without wasting another moment, and make her think of me as she ought. Tell her how I listened to you, with my own child sleeping on my bosom all the time—tell her—oh, no, no! words are too cold for it!—Come here, come close, Uncle Joseph (I shall always call you so now); come close to me and kiss my child—*her* grandchild—Kiss him on this cheek because it has lain nearest to my heart. And now, go back, kind and dear old man—go back to her bedside, and say nothing but that *I* sent that kiss to *her!*"

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.]

## GENERAL WARREN'S MONUMENT ON BUNKER HILL.

WE are enabled to engrave this week the statue of General Warren, inaugurated on 17th inst. at Boston, together with a picture of the old Warren House, which has long been one of the lions of the Bay State.

It must have been a peculiar satisfaction to the people of Boston to render this tardy justice to one who deserved the very earliest and warmest gratitude at their hands. Less prominent—because younger—than the great popular leaders of Massachusetts, Adams, Hancock, Otis, etc., Joseph Warren would probably have outstripped them all in the race of fame had he lived. Though a medical man by trade, and a close student, fond of literature and eminently successful as an orator, he was really the most gifted soldier of the New England men. Strategy was intuitive in him; his pre-eminence over the other revolutionary leaders in this particular was quite marked; and not a murmur was heard—even in those jealous days—of the order of Congress which created him Major General. Biographers have remarked with surprise that while the veterans Putnam and Prescott advised the seizure of Bunker's Hill and the erection of forts during the night, the most strenuous opponent of the scheme and advocate of prudence was the youthful and ardent Warren; such timid counsels seemed sadly at variance with his impulsive courage. But Warren was a general as well as a soldier; he foresaw—what the gray-headed chiefs overlooked—that the want of powder might prove the ruin of the adventure. So indeed it turned out.

Had Warren lived he might have proved a rival to Washington.

Gentle, as many soldiers are, as a woman, he would pause in the delivery of a fierce diatribe against the British soldiery on the anniversary of the King-Street massacre, to drop a white handkerchief on the hand of an impudent officer who thrust a handful of bullets in his open palm under the orator's eyes; and he could forget even the terrible duty on which he was engaged during the final struggle on Bunker's Hill to direct that a poor wounded English soldier who was struggling on his knees should be helped to a place of safety.

What fierce energy, though, in the overture to the war! At six in the evening of the 18th April, he was at a meeting of the Committee of Public Safety, at West Cambridge: at eight he had returned home, ascertained that the British troops were to move on Lexington that night to capture the stores, and dispatched Mr. Dawes to give the patriots warning; at nine, he was quietly standing on the Common watching the embarkation of the troops; at ten, he was giving his final instructions to Colonel Revere, who set out that night for Lexington by way of Charlestown. Next morning, as usual, he was in his place at the Committee of Public Safety, at West Cambridge. When the retreating force, under Lord Percy, approached the place, Warren was one of the first to turn out to meet them; seeming to take a pleasure in exposing himself, and actually losing a lock of his hair by a musket-ball.

So at the struggle in June. On the 16th he spent the day in presiding over the Congress which sat at Watertown. When it adjourned, much public business remained to be transacted, and, after a hasty meal, Warren spent the whole night in writing and giving instructions. At daybreak he rode to Cambridge, and being thoroughly worn-out, threw himself on a bed. He had hardly lain down, when a message arrived that the enemy were moving against Charlestown heights. In yielding to the majority of the Council in reference to the occupation of these heights, he had declared his determination to take part personally in their defense; the moment he received the message he rose from his bed, declared he was quite well, and assembled the Committee of Public Safety. He was again urged by the members of the committee not to risk his valuable life in the coming battle; but he spurned the warning. The council broke up, he mounted his horse, and rode toward Charlestown neck. The first man he met near the American Works was General Putnam.

"General Warren," said the veteran, saluting him, ceremoniously, "I take your orders."

"General Putnam, I have none to give. I am here as a volunteer. Where can I be useful?"

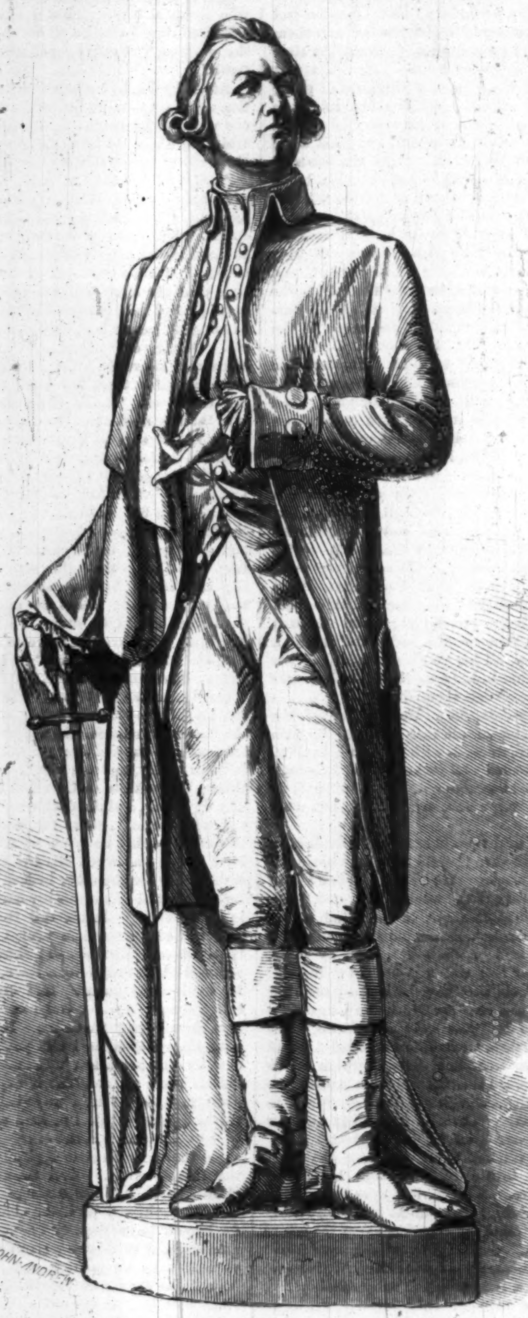
"Go to the redoubt, then; you will be covered there."

"I come not to be covered," exclaimed the young man, impetuously; "tell me where the action will be hottest."

"If the redoubt can be kept, the day is ours."

At the redoubt, a similar conversation took place between him and Colonel Prescott, who, like General Putnam, offered to take his orders, and was told that all the young man wanted was a musket.

Of the incidents of that memorable day, it would be quite out of place to enlarge here. That is a touching anecdote, however, which Sparks tells in his biography of the English Major, Small. In happier times, he had been intimate with many of the American officers; had served at Louisburg and in Canada with Putnam and many others. After the battle of Lexington he had met Putnam to interchange prisoners, and the staff who accompanied the latter asserted that the enemies rushed into each other's arms, and embraced each other like brothers. At the attack on the redoubt, this same Major Small was in his place leading on his men; at the second discharge, when the smoke cleared away, he was seen standing quite alone, every officer and man near him having been swept down by the deadly fire of the American riflemen. Of course he was a conspicuous mark; and in an instant half a dozen rifles were aimed at him, as he stood, confused, and seemingly staggered by his position. A single chance revealed him to Putnam. With a bound he was on the wall of the redoubt—a more conspicuous mark for the English sharpshooters than the Major had been for the American riflemen.



DEXTER'S STATUE OF GENERAL JOSEPH WARREN.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, by the Bunker Hill Monument Association, in the Year 1857, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.]

"Don't fire, men, for God's sake, don't fire!" the old man shouted, in his homely phrase, "that man's my friend."

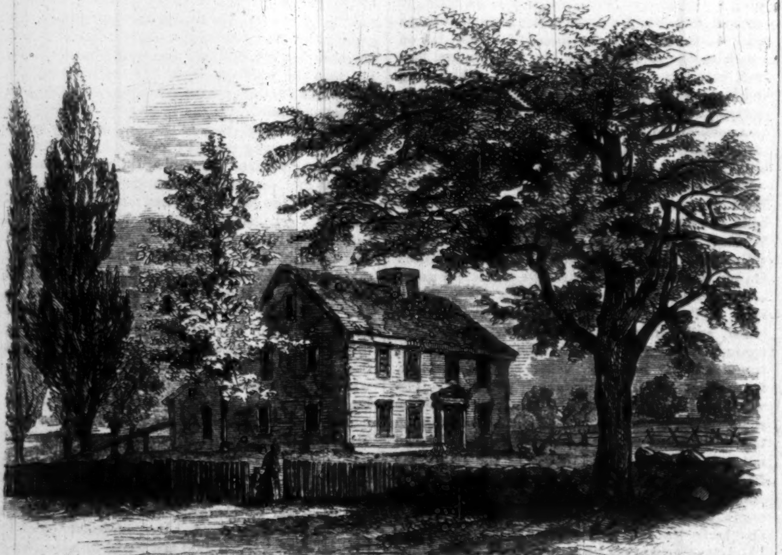
Every muzzle was lowered at the request of the beloved veteran; Major Small, waving his sword in acknowledgment of the service, walked down the hill.

Later in the day, when the enemy at length forced his way into the redoubt and all was lost, Dr. Warren, who had fought heroically as a common soldier, was one of the last to retreat, and kept turning round every few moments and facing the foe, shouting to the men, "Come, men, one charge more!" They had no powder left, poor fellows! and nothing but the cold steel to trust to.

As Warren and the last of the Americans retreated, the English pressed on their heels, Major Small, among others, at their head. As Warren turned for the last time, with rage in his face, he stood almost alone, and a dozen soldiers took aim at him. Major Small instantly recognized him, and perceiving that he had an opportunity of requiting the kindness that had been shown to himself, he ran in advance of the soldiers, threw up the muskets of one or two, and ordered the others not to fire, calling on General Warren to surrender.

It was too late. A soldier, perhaps little thinking what he was doing, had taken cool aim, and pulled the trigger. The ball struck the gallant Warren fair in the forehead, and killed him on the spot.

It is known that when General Howe was told that General Warren was among the dead, he declared it was impossible; a person of so high rank would never have exposed himself, he said, in such a battle. When he discovered his error, he very justly remarked that the death of Warren balanced the loss of five hundred men.



THE WARREN HOUSE AT THE TIME OF THE REVOLUTION.

Of the honors which have been paid to the memory of General Warren, our school-books tell us. His sons were educated, his family aided by a grateful country; even the ball which killed him has become a historical relic, highly prized by its fortunate possessor. The street where stood the house where he was born has been named after him; and all good Americans see, with due respect and veneration, the birth-place of one of the truest heroes their country ever owned.

We must refer to the daily papers for an account of the ceremonies with which this new monument was inaugurated. Massachusetts never performed a service which was better earned; nor does Boston boast of any monument more honorably creditable than the statue of General Joseph Warren.

## PRATTLE AND TATTLE.

### LITTLE DORRIT.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—I told you last week I was actually languishing for a new novel, one that will interest and excite me, and make me wish it would never come to an end. Different people have very different ideas of heaven. With the modern Athenians of Massachusetts I believe it is found in the other hemisphere; at least, I have heard they look upon *Europe* as the place where good Bostonians hope to go when they die. My notion of heaven is completely that of the poet Gray, who said it consisted of lying on a sofa and reading novels. I should suggest an improvement, in the way of frequent interruptions of Champagne and *pâtés de foies gras*, to keep up the system under the exhaustion of my emotions. But dear me, how unnecessary, when novels, nowadays, rouse no emotions at all! A good novel is the *ne plus ultra* of happiness, in my mind. Indeed, if I were rich, and desirous of being a public benefactor, I would myself pension the best novelists of the day; or rather (as that might make them idle), it would be better, the more their books pleased me to reward them, the more substantially, and with sound, honest cash, too, while for every thing really absorbing I would pay very high indeed. I dare say you domineering publishers would not much like it if we all did so, as it would undoubtedly tend toward making these dear novelists very independent of you all; and they would no longer mind what you might say about this chapter being too slow, or that one too fast, or this book not being long enough for two volumes, and not short enough for one, and so on, with a thousand other little worries by which you know so well how to torture your victims.

I adore a good novel, and if I could only secure one a week I should live happy and die contented. But people do write (and you publishers do print) such trash, that we shall require some excellent clerical authority—some Bellows from the pulpit—to assure us it is fit for use, and that a regard for good novels is *not* immoral, or even improper. The moment I touch a book I know at once whether it is worth reading or not—worth my reading, I mean; the very first page is sufficient to decide *that* question. If it is not what I wish I throw it away in disgust; if it is what I believe I shall like, I throw myself on a sofa instead, place all the volumes within easy reach, and give myself up to the joys reserved for the just. No one must speak to me, or rather no one need, for I can neither hear nor answer; the most urgent appeals receive nothing from me but grunts of affirmation; not that my mood is so genial that I agree at once to whatever is said; no, I am simply too much absorbed to give way to argument, or even to passive dissent, on any subject.

But it is long, very long since I have had this delight. On what can I solace my imagination? There is nothing, absolutely nothing for me to read! This novel of Bulwer's certainly promises to be very charming. Thackeray talks instead of writing; and Dickens makes me very angry indeed. He really provokes me more and more. *Must* a man's brain grow gray as well as his hair? As to "Little Dorrit," I am worn out finding fault with her, and venting my indignation on her and her species. For the last year and more she has made me quite ill with her mawkish sentimentality; and now, to my sorrow, she is to be gratified by marrying the man of her choice; and instead of being a warning to us to avoid nonsense, and not run after gentlemen who don't care for us, she turns out to be a pleasing illustration of virtue rewarded!

Now, Charles Dickens is a man of genius. There is no one like him alive; and yet, see what a mistake he makes! Instead of writing, as he formerly did, about what he had seen and known, he bewilders himself, and irritates me, by fancying he can portray what is technically called "the female heart" (I am speaking metaphysically, not physiologically). What does Mr. Dickens know of "the female heart?" or what does any man know about that organ? He may have twenty in his possession, but, somehow or other, he never seems to have the sort of eyes that look to the bottom of them. Dickens is no exception to his profound sex; and, in my opinion, it is a complete delusion in any man flattering himself he can fill a novel with emotions and feelings that it's absolutely impossible he can at all comprehend, much less describe. Men's heroines always seem to me so unnatural! There's a want of something or other in them—what it is, I can't tell; but they certainly don't seem to me to have their sex about them. Other men besides the authors may think them very pretty and sweet, or very brilliant and spirited (they are always one or the other), but *we* don't, I can assure you; and I suppose, as we happen to be born behind the scenes, you will acknowledge us to be the better judges on the subject. We have argued about Thackeray's silly women and hollow flirts until I am tired of the theme. But all writers seem to act on the same narrow principle; the good women are downright fools, and the clever ones downright sinners. The fact is, they are not women at all—only puppets, pulled by their pens.

As to Miss Dorrit, I have the greatest repugnance to her. In the first place, who ever cares for thoroughly *good* creatures? *I* detest them! If the goodness is genuine, it makes one uncomfortable by unpleasant comparisons; and if it isn't, of course it's very justifiably disagreeable. Now I regard Miss Amy Dorrit's goodness as of the latter sort; and, moreover, I think she is an inconsistent little thing! She rather prefers to wear sackcloth and ashes, and, similar to Mawworm, "likes to be despised." At the same time that she is all humility and timidity, she talks as no one but a practiced actress *could* talk, full of sentiment, and propriety, and morals, and decorum, as if she had the Polite Letter Writer by heart, and were gifted with a peculiar eloquence—a gift not often found among quiet seamstresses, I fancy, who had never read a line in their lives.

And if she were so very, *very* good, as Mr. Dickens seems to fancy, I can't help thinking her family would have respected and honored her more than they did; good people are generally very much loved by those around them. Of course I know that modest merit, unrecognized virtue, and all those violet-minded characteristics, are very nice subjects for poets and novelists. But a novel, a modern novel particularly, is meant to describe nature; and I assert that young lady to be an unnatural piece of mistaken perfection—in other words, no perfection at all. I never saw any one like her, and I never wish to.

And the idea of making that Clennam marry her at last, and for love, too! If she had had the slightest self-reliance or dignity, she would have declined him on the spot; a man who had done nothing but flirt with the most commonplace women all his life; that absurd Flora to begin with, for instance, who has, I think, a much harder life of it, with her inseparable "Mr. F.'s Aunt," than the heroic and long-suffering Miss Dorrit; and then that pretty puppet "Pet," who had just sense enough to see there was nothing in *him;* and we don't know how many similar little dears, during his absence in foreign parts; a man who never thought of her at all, if the truth were known, *until she made him a window-curtain!* Selfish fellow! and he hadn't even the excuse that she was pretty! Of course the window-curtain put it into his head that she would make a useful and economical housekeeper. If she had had one grain of common sense, she would have seen this plainly enough, and that he only married her to be well attended to.

What companionship *can* an intelligent, educated man find in a neat little sewing-girl, however virtuous? In fact, the more virtuous the less companionship! Gentlemen are *not* in the habit of devoting themselves to upright little sewing-girls, without considerable encouragement; and I must say I don't look upon Miss Dorrit as faultless in that respect. It is exactly this which provokes me with her. All the critics and people of decorum are dreadfully shocked at the novels some women write, and complain that their heroines have far too much freedom of conduct to be considered modest and delicate women. It was urged against clever Miss Brontë, that every one of her heroines "made love" to the heroes, and were even bold enough actually to issue the proposals themselves. I won't defend the fact, or advocate the system, but I must say no woman of Miss Brontë's describing ever behaved with half the boldness of that extremely bashful Miss Dorrit, who literally followed Mr. Arthur Clennam whenever and wherever she possibly could! Talk of making offers! For a timid person, that young lady seems to me by no means backward in coming forward! And all for the sake of a man who only required good dinners and careful nursing in his old age! Never was an unnatural match more bunglingly brought about; and this is the retiring, humble-minded, unconscious Little Dorrit!

Dear me! what would one not give for a natural and interesting heroine! Oh! for another Jane Eyre, even though she made an offer to some one or other in every chapter! I should read it and be thankful. Dear Editor, be a dear publisher also, and secure us, by fair means or foul, a good and delightful novel. Yours always.

# WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

## BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

### CHAPTER V.

Speculations on the moral qualities of the Bandit.—Mr. Vance, with mingled emotions, foresees that the acquisition of the Bandit's acquaintance may be attended with pecuniary loss.

VANCE loosened the boat from its moorings, stepped in, and took up the oars. Lionel followed, and sate by the stern. The Artist rowed on slowly, whistling melodiously in time to the dash of the oars. They soon came to the bank of garden-ground surrounded with turf, on which fairies might have danced—one of those villas never seen out of England. From the windows of the villa the lights gleamed steadily; over the banks, dipping into the water, hung large willows breathlessly; the boat gently brushed aside their pendant boughs, and Vance rested in a grassy cove.

And "Faith," said the Artist, gayly—"Faith," said he, lighting his third cigar, "it is time we should bestow a few words more on the Remorseless Baron and the Bandit's Child! What a cock-and-a-bull story the Cobbler told us! He must have thought us precious green."

LIONEL (roused). "Nay, I see nothing so wonderful in the story, though much that is sad. You must allow that Waife may have been a good actor—you became quite excited merely at his attitude and bow. Natural, therefore, that he should have been invited to try his chance on the London stage—not improbable that he may have met with an accident by the train, and so lost his chance forever—natural, then, that he should press into service his poor little grandchild—natural, also, that, hardly treated, and his pride hurt, he should wish to escape."

VANCE. "And more natural than all, that he should want to extract from our pockets three pounds—the Bandit! No, Lionel, I tell you what is not probable, that he should have disposed of that clever child to a vagabond like Rugge—she plays admirably. The manager who was to have engaged him would have engaged her if he had seen her. I am puzzled."

LIONEL. "True, she is an extraordinary child. I can not say how she has interested me." He took out his purse and began counting its contents. "I have nearly three pounds left," he cried, joyously. "£2 18*s.* if I give up the thought of a longer excursion with you, and go quietly home."

VANCE. "And not pay your share of the bill yonder?"

LIONEL. "Ah, I forgot that! But come, I am not too proud to borrow from you, and it is not for a selfish purpose."

VANCE. "Borrow from me, Cato! That comes of falling in with bandits and their children. No, but let us look at the thing like men of sense. One story is good till another is told. I will call by myself on Rugge to-morrow, and hear what he says; and then, if we judge favorably to the Cobbler's version, we will go at night and talk with the Cobbler's lodgers; and I daresay," added Vance, kindly, but with a sigh—"I daresay the three pounds will be coaxed out of me! After all, her head is worth it. I want an idea for Titania."

LIONEL (joyously). "My dear Vance, you are the best fellow in the world."

VANCE. "Small compliment to human-kind. Take the oars—it is your turn now."

Lionel obeyed; the boat once more danced along the tide—thoro' reeds, thoro' waves, skirting the grassy islet—out into pale moonlight. They talked but by fits and starts. What of?—a thousand things. Bright young hearts, eloquent young tongues! No sins in the past; hopes gleaming through the future. Oh summer nights, on the glass of starry waves! Oh Youth, Youth!

### CHAPTER VI.

Wherein the Historian tracks the Public Characters that fret their hour on the stage, into the bosom of private life.—The reader is invited to arrive at a conclusion which may often, in periods of perplexity, restore ease to his mind; viz., that if man will reflect on all the hopes he has nourished, all the fears he has admitted, all the projects he has formed, the wisest thing he can do, nine times out of ten, with hope, fear, and project, is to let them end with the chapter—in smoke.

IT was past nine o'clock in the evening of the following day. The exhibition at Mr. Rugge's theatre had closed for the season in that village, for it was the conclusion of the Fair. The final performance had been begun and ended somewhat earlier than on former nights. The theatre was to be cleared from the ground by daybreak, and the whole company to proceed onward betimes in the morning. Another Fair awaited them in an adjoining county, and they had a long journey before them.

Gentleman Waife and his Juliet Araminta had gone to their lodgings over the Cobbler's stall. The rooms were homely enough, but had an air not only of the comfortable, but the picturesque. The little sitting-room was very old-fashioned—paneled in wood that had once been painted blue—with a quaint chimney-piece that reached to the ceiling. That part of the house spoke of the time of Charles I. It might have been tenanted by a religious Roundhead; and framed-in over the low door there was a grim faded portrait of a pinched-faced saturnine man, with long lank hair, starched band, and a length of upper-lip that betokened relentless obstinacy of character, and might have curled in sullen glee at the monarch's scaffold, or preached an interminable sermon to the stout Protector. On a table, under the deep-sunk window, were neatly arrayed a few sober-looking old books; you would find among them *Colley's Astrology, Owen Feltham's Resolves, Glanville on Witches, The Pilgrim's Progress,* an early edition of *Paradise Lost,* and an old Bible; also two flower-pots of clay brightly reddened, and containing stocks; also two small worsted rugs, on one of which rested a carved cocoa-nut, on the other an egg-shaped ball of crystal—that last the pride and joy of the Cobbler's visionary soul. A door left wide open communicated with an inner room (very low was its ceiling), in which the Bandit slept, if the severity of his persecutors permitted him to sleep. In the corner of the sitting-room, near that door, was a small horse-hair sofa, which, by the aid of sheets and a needlework coverlid, did duty for a bed, and was consigned to the Bandit's child. Here the tenderness of the Cobbler's heart was visible, for over the coverlid were strewed sprigs of lavender, and leaves of vervain—the last, be it said, to induce happy dreams, and scare away witchcraft and evil spirits. On another table, near the fire-place, the child was busied in setting out the tea-things for her grandfather. She had left in the property-room of the theatre her robe of spangles and tinsel, and appeared now in a simple frock. She had no longer the look of Titania, but that of a lively, active, affectionate human child; nothing theatrical about her now, yet still, in her graceful movements, so nimble but so noiseless, in her slight fair-hands, in her transparent coloring, there was Nature's own lady—that *something* which strikes us all as well-born and high-bred; not that it necessarily is so—the semblances of aristocracy, in female childhood more especially, are often delusive. The *souvenance* flower wrought into the collars of princes, springs up wild on field and fell.

Gentleman Waife, wrapped negligently in a gray dressing-gown, and seated in an old leathern easy-chair, was evidently out of sorts. He did not seem to heed the little preparations for his comfort, but, resting his cheek on his right hand, his left drooped on his crossed knees—an attitude rarely seen in a man when his heart is light and his spirits high. His lips moved—he was talking to himself. Though he had laid aside his theatrical bandage over both eyes, he wore a black patch over one, or rather where one had been; the eye exposed was of singular beauty, dark and brilliant. For the rest, the man had a striking countenance, rugged, and rather ugly than otherwise, but by no means unprepossessing; full of lines and wrinkles and strong muscle, with large lips of wondrous pliancy, and an aspect of wistful sagacity, that, no doubt, on occasion could become exquisitely comic—dry comedy—the comedy that makes others roar when the comedian himself is as grave as a judge.

You might see in his countenance, when quite in its natural repose, that Sorrow had passed by there; yet the instant the countenance broke into play, you would think that Sorrow must have been sent about her business as soon as the respect due to that visitor, so accustomed to have her own way, would permit. Though the man was old, you could not call him aged. One-eyed and crippled, still, marking the muscular arm, the expansive chest, you would have scarcely called him broken or infirm. And hence there was a certain indescribable pathos in his whole appearance, as if Fate had branded, on face and form, characters in which might be read her agencies on career and mind—plucked an eye from intelligence, shortened one limb for life's progress, yet left whim sparkling out in the eye she had spared, and a light heart's wild spring in the limb she had maimed not.

"Come, Grandy, come," said the little girl, coaxingly; "your tea will get quite cold; your toast is ready, and here is such a nice egg—Mr. Merle says you may be sure it is new laid. Come, don't let that hateful man fret you; smile on your own Sophy—come."

"If"—said Mr. Waife, in a hollow undertone—"if I were alone in the world."

"Oh! Grandy."

"'I know a spot on which a bed-post grows,
And do remember where a roper lives.'

Delightful prospect, not to be indulged; for if I were in peace at one end of the rope, what would chance to my Sophy, left forlorn at the other?"

"Don't talk so, or I shall think you are sorry to have taken care of me."

"Care of thee, O child! and what care? It is thou who takest care of me. Put thy hands from my mouth; sit down, darling, there, opposite, and let us talk. Now, Sophy, thou hast often said that thou wouldst be glad to be out of this mode of life even for one humbler and harder: think well—is it so?"

"Oh! yes, indeed, grandfather."

"No more tinsel dresses and flowery wreaths; no more applause; no more of the dear divine stage excitement; the heroine and fairy vanished; only a little commonplace child in dingy gingham, with a purblind cripple for thy sole charge and playmate; Juliet Araminta evaporated evermore into little Sophy!"

"It would be so nice!" answered little Sophy, laughing merrily.

"What would make it nice?" asked the comedian, turning on her his solitary piercing eye, with curious interest in his gaze.

Sophy left her seat, and placed herself on a stool at her grandfather's knee; on that knee she clasped her tiny hands, and shaking aside her curls, looked into his face with confident fondness. Evidently these two were much more than grandfather and grandchild—they were *friends,* they were equals, they were in the habit of consulting and prattling with each other. She got at his meaning, however covert his humor; and he to the core of her heart, through its careless babble. Between you and me, Reader, I suspect that, in spite of the comedian's sagacious wrinkles, the one was as much a child as the other.

"Well," said Sophy, "I will tell you, Grandy, what would make it nice—no one would vex and affront you, we should be all by ourselves; and then, instead of those nasty lamps, and those dreadful painted creatures, we could go out and play in the fields, and gather daisies; and I could run after butterflies, and when I am tired I should come here, where I am now, any time of the day, and you would tell me stories and pretty verses, and teach me to write a little better than I do now, and make such a wise little woman of me; and if I wore gingham, but it need not be dingy, Grandy, it would be all mine, and you would be all mine too, and we'd keep a bird, and you'd teach it to sing; and oh, would it not be nice!"

"But, still, Sophy, we should have to live, and we could not live upon daisies and butterflies. And I can't work now—for the matter of that, I never could work—more shame for me, but so it is. Merle says the fault is in the stars—with all my heart. But the stars will not go to the jail or the workhouse instead of me. And though they want nothing to eat, we do."

"But Grandy, you have said every day since the first walk you took after coming here, that if you had three pounds, we could get away and live by ourselves, and make a fortune!"

"A fortune—that's a strong word; let it stand. A fortune! But still, Sophy, though we should be free of this thrice execrable Rugge, the scheme I have in my head lies remote from daisies and butterflies. We should have to dwell in towns, and exhibit!"

"On a stage, Grandy?" said Sophy, resigned but sorrowful.

"No, not exactly—a room would do."

"And I should not wear those horrid, horrid dresses, nor mix with those horrid, horrid painted people?"

"No."

"And we should be quite alone, you and I?"

"Hum! there would be a third."

"Oh, Grandy, Grandy!" cried Sophy, in a scream of shrill alarm. "I know—I know; you are thinking of joining us with the Pig-faced Lady!"

MR. WAIFE (not a muscle relaxed). "A well-spoken and pleasing gentlewoman. But no such luck; three pounds would not buy her."

SOPHY. "I am glad of that; I don't care so much for the Mermaid—she's dead and stuffed. But, oh" (another scream), "perhaps 'tis the Spotted Boy!"

MR. WAIFE. "Calm your sanguine imagination; you aspire too high! But this I will tell you, that our companion, whatsoever or whosoever that companion may be, will be one you will like."

"I don't believe it," said Sophy, shaking her head. "I only like you. But who is it?"

"Alas!" said Mr. Waife, "it is no use pampering ourselves with vain hopes; the three pounds are not forthcoming. You heard what that brute Rugge said, that the gentleman who wanted to take your portrait had called on him this morning, and offered 10*s.* for a sitting—that is, 5*s.* for you, 5*s.* for Rugge; and Rugge thought the terms reasonable."

"But I said I would not sit."

"And when you did say it, you heard Rugge's language to me—to you. And now we must think of packing up, and be off at dawn with the rest. And," added the comedian, coloring high, "I must again parade, to boors and clowns, this mangled form; again set myself out as a spectacle of bodily infirmity—man's last degradation. And this I have come to—I!"

"No, no, Grandy, it will not last long! we will get the three pounds. We have always hoped on!—hope still! And besides, I am sure those gentlemen will come here to-night. Mr. Merle said they would, at ten o'clock. It is near ten now, and your tea cold as a stone."

She hung on his neck caressingly, kissing his furrowed brow, and leaving a tear there, and thus coaxed him till he set to quietly at his meal; and Sophy shared it, though she had no appetite in sorrowing for him—but to keep him company; that done, she lighted his pipe with the best canaster—his sole luxury and expense; but she always contrived that he should afford it.

Mr. Waife drew a long whiff, and took a more serene view of affairs. He who doth not smoke hath either known no great griefs, or refuseth himself the softest consolation, next to that which comes from heaven. "What softer than woman?" whispers the young reader. Young reader, woman teases as well as consoles. Woman makes half the sorrows which she boasts the privilege to soothe. Woman consoles us, it is true, while we are young and handsome; when we are old and ugly, woman snubs and scolds us. On the whole, then, woman in this scale, the weed in that, Jupiter, hang out thy balance, and weigh them both; and if thou give the preference to woman, all I can say is, the next time Juno ruffles thee—O Jupiter, try the weed!

### CHAPTER VII.

The Historian, in pursuance of his stern duties, reveals to the scorn of future ages some of the occult practices which discredit the March of Light in the Nineteenth Century.

"MAY I come in?" asked the Cobbler outside the door.

"Certainly come in," said Gentleman Waife. Sophy looked wistfully at the aperture, and sighed to see that Merle was alone. She crept up to him.

"Will they not come?" she whispered.

"I hope so, pretty one; it ben't ten yet."

"Take a pipe, Merle," said Gentleman Waife, with a grand Comedian air.

"No, thank you kindly; I just looked in to ask if I could do any thing for ye, in case—in case ye must go to-morrow."

"Nothing; our luggage is small, and soon packed. Sophy has the money to discharge the meaner part of our debt to you."

"I don't value that," said the Cobbler, coloring.

"But we value your esteem," said Mr. Waife, with a smile that would have become a field-marshal. "And so, Merle, you think, if I am a broken-down vagrant, it must be put to the long account of the celestial bodies!"

"Not a doubt of it," returned the Cobbler, solemnly. "I wish you would give me date and place of Sophy's birth—that's what I want—I'd take her horryscope. I'm sure she'd be lucky."

"I'd rather not, please," said Sophy, timidly.

"Rather not?—very odd. Why?"

"I don't want to know the future."

"That is odder and odder," quoth the Cobbler, staring; "I never heard a girl say that afore."

"Wait till she's older, Mr. Merle," said Waife; "girls don't want to know the future till they want to be married."

"Summat in that," said the Cobbler. He took up the crystal. "Have you looked into this ball, pretty one, as I bade ye?"

"Yes, two or three times."

"Ha! and what did you see?"

"My own face made very long," said Sophy—"as long as *that*"—stretching out her hands.

The Cobbler shook his head dolefully, and, screwing up one eye, applied the other to the mystic ball.

MR. WAIFE. "Perhaps you will see if those two gentlemen are coming."

SOPHY. "Do, do! and if they will give us three pounds!"

The Cobbler (triumphantly). "Then you do care to know the future, after all?"

Sophy. "Yes, so far as that goes; but don't look any farther, pray."

The Cobbler (intent upon the ball, and speaking slowly, and in jerks). "A mist now. Ha! an arm with a besom—sweeps all before it."

Sophy (frightened).—"Send it away, please."

Cobbler. "It is gone. Ha! there's Rugge—looks very angry—savage, indeed."

Waife. "Good sign that! proceed."

Cobbler. "Shakes his fist; gone. Ha! a young man, boyish, dark hair."

Sophy (clapping her hands). "That is the young gentleman—the very young one, I mean—with the kind eyes; is he coming?—is he, is he?"

Waife. "Examine his pockets! do you see there three pounds?"

Cobbler (testily). "Don't be a interrupting. Ha! he is talking with another gentleman, bearded."

Sophy (whispering to her grandfather). "The old young gentleman."

Cobbler (putting down the crystal, and with great decision). "They *are* coming here; I see'd them at the corner of the lane, by the public-house, two minutes' walk to this door." He took out a great silver watch: "Look, Sophy, when the minute-hand gets there (or before, if they walk briskly), you will hear them knock."

Sophy clasped her hands in mute suspense, half-credulous, half-doubting; then she went and opened the room-door, and stood on the landing-place to listen.

Merle approached the Comedian, and said, in a low voice, "I wish for your sake she had the gift."

Waife. "The gift!—the three pounds!—so do I!"

Cobbler. "Pooh! worth a hundred times three pounds; *the* gift—the spirituous gift."

Waife. "Spirituous! don't like the epithet—smells of gin!"

Cobbler. "Spirituous gift to see in the crystal: if she had that, she might make your fortune."

Gentleman Waife (with a sudden change of countenance). "Ah! I never thought of that. But if she has not the gift, I could teach it her—eh?"

The Cobbler (indignantly). "I did not think to hear this from you, Mr. Waife. Teach her—you! make her an impostor, and of the wickedest kind, inventing lies between earth and them as dwell in the seven spheres! Fie! No, if she hasn't the gift natural, let her alone; what here is not heaven-sent, is devil-taught."

Waife (awed, but dubious). "Then you really think you saw all that you described, in that glass egg?"

Cobbler. "Think!—am I a liar? I spoke truth, and the proof is there!"—Rat-tat went the knocker at the door.

"The two minutes are just up," said the Cobbler; and Cornelius Agrippa could not have said it with more wizardly effect.

"They are come, indeed," said Sophy, re-entering the room softly; "I hear their voices at the threshold."

The Cobbler passed by in silence, descended the stairs, and conducted Vance and Lionel into the Comedian's chamber; there he left them, his brow overcast. Gentleman Waife had displeased him sorely.

### CHAPTER VIII.

Showing the arts by which a man, however high in the air Nature may have formed his nose, may be led by that nose, and in directions perversely opposite to those which, in following his nose, he might be supposed to take; and therefore, that nations the most liberally endowed with practical good sense, and in conceit thereof, carrying their noses the most horizontally aloof, when they come into conference with nations more skilled in diplomacy, and more practiced in "stage-play," end by the surrender of the precise object which it was intended they should surrender before they laid their noses together.

We all know that Demosthenes said, Every thing in oratory was acting—stage-play. Is it in oratory alone that the saying holds good? Apply it to all circumstances of life—"stage-play, stage-play, stage-play!"—only *ars est celare artem*, conceal the art. Gleesome in soul to behold his visitors, calculating already on the three pounds to be extracted from them, seeing in that hope the crisis in his own checkered existence, Mr. Waife rose from his seat in superb *upocrisia* or stage-play, and asked, with mild dignity—"To what am I indebted, gentlemen, for the honor of your visit?"

In spite of his nose, even Vance was taken aback. Pope says that Lord Bolingbroke had "the nobleman air." A great comedian Lord Bolingbroke surely was. But, ah, had Pope seen Gentleman Waife! Taking advantage of the impression he had created, the actor added, with the finest imaginable breeding—"But pray be seated;" and, once seeing them seated, resumed his easy-chair, and felt himself master of the situation.

"Hum!" said Vance, recovering his self-possession, after a pause—"hum!"

"Hem!" re-echoed Gentleman Waife; and the two men eyed each other much in the same way as Admiral Napier might have eyed the fort of Cronstadt, and the fort of Cronstadt have eyed Admiral Napier.

Lionel struck in with that youthful boldness which plays the deuce with all dignified, strategical science.

"You must be aware why we come, Sir; Mr. Merle will have explained. My friend, a distinguished artist, wished to make a sketch, if you do not object, of this young lady's very—" "Pretty little face," quoth Vance, taking up the discourse. "Mr. Rugge, this morning, was willing—I understand that your grandchild refused. We are come here to see if she will be more complaisant under your own roof, or under Mr. Merle's, which, I take it, is the same thing for the present"—Sophy had sidled up to Lionel. He might not have been flattered if he knew why she preferred him to Vance. She looked on him as a boy—a fellow-child—and an instinct, moreover, told her, that more easily through him than his shrewd-looking, bearded guest could she attain the object of her cupidity—"three pounds!"

"Three pounds!" whispered Sophy, with the tones of an angel, into Lionel's thrilling ear.

Mr. Waife. "Sir, I will be frank with you." At that ominous commencement Mr. Vance recoiled, and mechanically buttoned his trowsers pocket. Mr. Waife noted the gesture with his one eye, and proceeded cautiously, feeling his way, as it were, toward the interior of the recess thus protected. "My grandchild declined your flattering proposal with my full approbation. She did not consider—neither did I—that the managerial rights of Mr. Rugge entitled him to the moiety of her face—off the stage." The Comedian paused, and with a voice, the mimic drollery of which no hoarseness could altogether mar, chanted the old line,

> "'My face is my fortune, Sir,' she said."

Vance smiled—Lionel laughed; Sophy nestled still nearer to the boy.

Gentleman Waife (with pathos and dignity). "You see before you an old man; one way of life is the same to me as another. But she—do you think Mr. Rugge's stage the right place for her?"

Vance. "Certainly not. Why did you not introduce her to the London manager who would have engaged yourself?"

Waife could not conceal a slight change of countenance. "How do I know she would have succeeded? She had never then trod the boards. Besides, what strikes you as so good in a village show may be poor enough in a metropolitan theatre. Gentlemen, I did my best for her—you can not think otherwise, since she maintains me! I am no Œdipus, yet she is my Antigone."

Vance. "You know the classics, Sir. Mr. Merle said you were a scholar!—read Sophocles in his native Greek, I presume, Sir?"

Mr. Waife. "You jeer at the unfortunate; I am used to it."

Vance (confused). "I did not mean to wound you—I beg pardon. But your language and manner are not what—what one might expect to find in a—in a—Bandit persecuted by a remorseless Baron."

Mr. Waife. "Sir, you say you are an artist. Have you heard no tales of your professional brethren—men of genius the highest, who won fame which I never did, and failed of fortune as I have done? Their own fault, perhaps—improvidence, wild habits—ignorance of the way how to treat life and deal with their fellow-men; such fault may have been mine, too. I suffer for it; no matter—I ask none to save me. You are a painter—you would place her features on your canvas—you would have her rank among your own creations. She may become a part of your immortality. Princes may gaze on the effigies of the innocent, happy childhood, to which your colors lend imperishable glow. They may ask who and what was this fair creature? Will you answer, 'One whom I found in tinsel, and so left, sure that she would die in rags!'—Save her!"

Lionel drew forth his purse, and poured its contents on the table. Vance covered them with his broad hand, and swept them into his own pocket! At that sinister action Waife felt his heart sink into his shoes; but his face was calm as a Roman's, only he resumed his pipe with a prolonged and testy whiff.

"It is I who am to take the portrait, and it is I who will pay for it," said Vance. "I understand that you have a pressing occasion for—" "Three pounds!" muttered Sophy, sturdily, through the tears which her grandfather's pathos had drawn forth from her downcast eyes—"Three pounds—three—three."

"You shall have them. But listen; I meant only to take a sketch—I must now have a finished portrait. I can not take this by candle-light. You must let me come here to-morrow; and yet to-morrow, I understand, you meant to leave?"

Waife. "If you will generously bestow on us the sum you say, we shall not leave the village till you have completed your picture. It is Mr. Rugge and his company we will leave."

Vance. "And may I venture to ask what you propose to do toward a new livelihood for yourself and your grandchild, by the help of a sum which is certainly much for *me* to pay—enormous, I might say, *quoad* me—but small for a capital whereon to set up a business?"

Waife. "Excuse me if I do not answer that very natural question at present. Let me assure you that that precise sum is wanted for an investment which promises her and myself an easy existence. But to insure my scheme I must keep it secret. Do you believe me?"

"I do!" cried Lionel; and Sophy, whom, by this time he had drawn upon his lap, put her arm gratefully round his neck.

"There is your money, Sir, beforehand," said Vance, declining downward his betrayed and resentful nose, and depositing three sovereigns on the table.

"And how do you know," said Waife, smiling, "that I may not be off to-night with your money and your model?"

"Well," said Vance, curtly, "I think it is on the cards. Still, as John Kemble said when rebuked for too large an alms,

> 'It is not often that I do these things,
> But when I do, I do them handsomely.'"

"Well applied, and well delivered, Sir," said the Comedian, "only you should put a little more emphasis on the word *do*."

"Did I not put enough? I am sure I felt it strongly; no one can feel the *do* more!"

Waife's pliant face relaxed into genial brightness—the *équivoque* charmed him. However, not affecting to comprehend it, he thrust back the money and said, "No, Sir—not a shilling till the picture is completed. Nay, to relieve your mind, I will own that, had I no scruple more delicate, I would rather receive nothing till Mr. Rugge is gone. True, he has no right to any share in it. But you see before you a man who, when it comes to arguing, could never take a wrangler's degree—never get over the Ass's Bridge, Sir. Plucked at it scores of times clean as a feather. But do not go yet. You came to give us money; give us what, were I rich, I should value more highly—a little of your time. You, Sir, are an artist; and you, young gentleman?" addressing Lionel.

Lionel (coloring). "I—am nothing as yet."

Waife. "You are fond of the drama, I presume, both of you. Apropos of John Kemble, you, Sir, said that you have never heard him. Allow me, so far as this cracked voice can do it, to give you a faint idea of him."

"I shall be delighted," said Vance, drawing nearer to the table, and feeling more at his ease. "But since I see you smoke, may I take the liberty to light my cigar?"

"Make yourself at home," said Gentleman Waife, with the good-humor of a fatherly host. And all the while Lionel and Sophy were babbling together, she still upon his lap.

Waife began his imitation of John Kemble. Despite the cracked voice it was admirable. One imitation drew on another; then succeeded anecdotes of the Stage, of the Senate, of the Bar. Waife had heard great orators, whom every one still admires for the speeches which nobody, nowadays, ever reads; he gave a lively idea of each. And then came sayings of dry humor, and odd scraps of worldly observation; and time flew on pleasantly till the clock struck twelve, and the young guests tore themselves away.

"Merle, Merle!" cried the Comedian, when they were gone.

Merle appeared.

"We don't go to-morrow. When Rugge sends for us (as he will do at daybreak), say so. You shall lodge us a few days longer, and then—and then—my little Sophy, kiss me, kiss me! You are saved at least from those horrid painted creatures!"

"Ah, ah," growled Merle from below, "he has got the money! Glad to hear it. But," he added, as he glanced at sundry weird and astrological symbols with which he had been diverting himself, "that's not it. The true horary question is, What will he do with it?"

## FOREIGN RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

A Wonderful Lay-Preacher.—When the Church shall become what she is to be before the universal triumph of the Gospel in the earth, there will appear many such lay-preachers as Mr. Brownlow North, of whom the Edinburgh *Express* says:

> During the past week various Free Church and Baptist pulpits in this city, including that of Dr. Candlish, have been occupied by a lay-preacher of singular power and earnestness. His name is Brownlow North; he is a member of an aristocratic family, being a lineal descendant of the famous Lord North. Mr. North appears to be upward of forty years of age. Until a few months ago he was a man of fashion "about town," given to sporting, and the more common forms of time-killing prevalent among the upper classes. He was then brought to a knowledge of the truth, and straightway became as active in the Evangelistic as he had previously been in the sporting field. Beginning in the Aberdeen and Elgin pulpits, he has been gradually making his way south; and his ministry has been attended, in some cases, with the most remarkable results. In the history of the Scottish pulpit there has never been such a man as Brownlow North. He is the first of his kind who has declared for the right side in the form which his energy and zeal develops. We listened to this remarkable preacher on Sabbath evening, when he preached from the pulpit of Dr. Candlish. The church was crowded an hour before the sermon began, and hundreds were unable to procure admittance. Mr. North made his appearance in a simple but fashionable suit, such as is usually worn by gentlemen of his class. He led the services, calmly at first, and with the utmost simplicity. But before he had got through the first prayer his frame became convulsed, his bosom heaved, his hands were clenched together with a vice-like tenacity, and the tears streamed over his cheeks as he implored the blessing of God upon his labors among unconverted souls. The greater part of his lecture was addressed to backsliders. There was not much elegance in his elocution, although it was always natural; and his scholastic knowledge was evidently far from extensive. But, somehow, there was that in what he said which infused a wonderful vitality into old sayings, which, in the estimation of some, have become threadbare and commonplace. With the preacher, many of the hearers were dissolved in tears, and we never saw a Scottish congregation pervaded by the same thoughtful calm when it rose to disperse. He had made an impression on all that he was a sincere, simple-minded man, who had violated the habits of his class and his country to save his fellow-men. Mr. North has preached five times during the past seven days; and to-morrow he preaches twice—once in the Tabernacle, the place of worship which was built, many years ago, for the sake of the non-church attenders, by Mr. Robert Haldane.

The Church of England seems seriously moved toward the masses of the people, and manifests much anxiety for their religious improvement. A series of sermons, specially addressed to the working classes, is, with the full consent of the Lord Bishop of London, to be preached in Exeter Hall on Sunday evenings. The Bishops of Carlisle and Ripon, Rev. Dr. M'Neile, Dean of Carlisle, Rev. J. C. Ryle, Canon Champneys, and Rev. R. Burgess, among others, will take part in this new but most important movement.

Protestantism and Roman Catholicism.—It is becoming more and more apparent that the contest between these two forms of Christianity is to be renewed with great earnestness and power. It now seems probable that the conflict will be carried on by moral and legitimate means, instead of wars between States. The Protestant Alliance represents one party in the contest, and the leading Protestant statesmen and citizens are combining their influence to resist the progress of Roman Catholicism. A deputation has just been sent from England to the King of Prussia, to ascertain the feelings and views of the King touching the defense and interests of Protestantism, and particularly in view of the approaching meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in Berlin in September next. They were received by the King in the kindest manner, and departed, after a lengthened audience, with the conviction that the cause of Protestant Christianity had a zealous friend in the King of Prussia.

Ecclesiastical Affairs in Norway.—In Norway a great Free Church movement is extending over the whole country. The new Church, which calls herself the Free Apostolic Church, is organizing congregations in many places. The leader of the movement, Pastor Lammers, of Skien, near Laurvig, according to the *Protestant Church Gazette*, of Berlin, left the State Church last year because he was unsuccessful in his endeavors to restore private confession. His reasons for seceding are set forth in a pamphlet lately published under the title, "Defense of the Free Apostolic Christian Church, and the Outlines of her Constitution." Taken between the two fires of Free Churchism and Romanism, the State Church begins at length to be aroused from her lethargy. The reasons of the numerous secessions from her are investigated into by the whole press; and we learn on this occasion that some portions of Norway are more destitute of preachers and churches than any other European country. Even in the district of Christiana some parishes contain from 6000 to 12,000 men, scattered over a vast tract of land, and attended by only one or, rarely, two clergymen. Consequently a great number of Norwegians never, during all their lives, see the inside of a church. The Legislature will occupy itself at its next session with this deplorable condition of the Church, and will devise means of remedying it.

France and the Church.—We continue to note indications that France consents to be the patron and protector of the Roman Catholic Missions throughout the world. A letter from Jerusalem, of the 10th April, states that a few days before mass was celebrated for the first time in the Church of St. Anne, in that city, which was given up to the French some time ago by order of the Sultan. After mass, which was performed with some pomp, the Abbé Martin delivered a sermon, in which, after thanking the Emperor Napoleon for having got back the church, he insisted that the French Government ought to require the restoration of the Church of St. Helen at Bethlehem, and of other sacred edifices which are either "audaciously usurped by the Greeks or turned to profane abuses by the Turks." The mass was attended by the French pilgrims then in Jerusalem.

## THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

To make an aristocrat, take a plebeian rascal and half a million of dollars, and let them simmer a little while together.

The *Commissionaire*, the best-printed and most-*red* little paper in this city, has learned from Ball, Black, & Co., the owners of that famous Jersey pearl that was spoiled in cooking, that its original value was not more than three or four hundred dollars! It was a pearl of no great price, after all.

When a woman fails to be good, she is *goods*, and very poor at that.

Mrs. Brown says her husband is such a blunderer that he can't even try on a new boot without putting his foot in it.

The *Home Journal* makes the following report of a stanza as pathetically sung by a prima donna at a New York concert. Those familiar with the song of the "Old Arm Chair," as sung by Russell, may discover a slight resemblance:

> "Hi lo-hove it, hi lo-hove it,
> And who-oo sha-hall da-hare
> To-hoo chi-hi-hide me for lo-hoving
> That o-ho-hold a-harm cha-hair?"

An Irishman, in great fright and haste, rushed into Abernethy's office, and exclaimed:

"Be dad, the boy Tim has swallowed a rat!"

"Then, be dad," said the Doctor, "tell the boy Tim to swallow a cat!"

It may possibly sound old-fogyish, but it is nevertheless true, that the world might dispense, for some years, with new ideas, if we could only thoroughly disseminate the true ones which we have already in existence.

Why is a blush like a girl? Because it becomes a woman.

That was an inimitable unconscious bull of the famous Mr. Amner, who, going through the street in Windsor, two boys looked out of a one-pair-of-stairs window, and cried, "There goes Mr. Amner, who makes so many bulls!" He, hearing them, looked up, saying: "You rascals, I know you well enough; but if I had you here, I'd kick you down stairs!"

Why are good resolutions like fainting ladies? They want carrying out.

George Pitt, afterward Lord Rivers, declared that he could tame the most furious animal by looking at it steadily. Lord Spence said, "Well, there is a mastiff in the court-yard here which is the terror of the neighborhood: will you try your power on him?" Pitt agreed to do so, and the company descended to the court-yard. A servant held the mastiff by a chain. Pitt knelt down a short distance from the animal, and stared him sternly in the face. They all shuddered. At a signal given, the mastiff was let loose, and rushed furiously toward Pitt, then suddenly checked his pace, seemed confounded, and leaping over Pitt's head, ran away, and was not seen for many hours after. During one of my visits to Italy, while I was walking a little before my carriage on the road not far from Venice, I perceived two huge dogs bounding toward me. I recollected what Pitt had done, and trembling from head to foot, I yet had resolution enough to stand quite still and eye them with a fixed look. They gradually relaxed their speed from a gallop to a trot, came up to me, stopped for a moment, and went back again.

By a steamboat explosion on a Western river, a passenger was thrown unhurt into the water, and at once struck out lustily for the shore, blowing like a porpoise the while. He reached the bank almost exhausted, and was caught by a by-stander and drawn out, panting.

"Well, old fellow," said his friend, "had a hard time, eh?"

"Ye-yes, pre-pretty hard, considerin'. Wasn't doin' it for myself, though; was a-workin' for one o' them insurance offices in New York. Got a policy on my life, and I wanted to save *them*. *I* didn't care."

Why is an unwelcome visitor like a shady tree? Because we are glad when he leaves.

### LOVE AND SOAP.

| LOVE. | SOAP. |
|---|---|
| We are young, | We want soap, |
| And both are loving— | Both need scrubbing— |
| You love me, | You soap me, |
| And I love you; | And I soap you; |
| Each, each other's | Each, each other's |
| Faults reproving— | Rough hides rubbing— |
| Some in me, | You scrub me, |
| And some in you. | And I scrub you. |
| What is best | What is best |
| For us to do? | For us to do? |
| Live and love, | Live and rub, |
| Continue loving— | Continue rubbing— |
| You loving me, | You rubbing me, |
| I loving you; | I rubbing you; |
| Each, each other's | Each, each other's |
| Faults reproving— | Rough hide scrubbing— |
| You reproving me, | You a scrubbing me, |
| I you. | I you. |
| This is best | This is best |
| For us to do! | For us to do! |

At a railway station an old lady said to a very pompous-looking gentleman, who was talking about steam communication,

"Pray, Sir, what is steam?"

"Steam, ma'am, is, ah!—steam is—eh! ah!—steam is—steam!"

"I knew that chap couldn't tell ye," said a rough-looking fellow standing by; "but steam is a bucket of water in a tremendous perspiration."

When the Irishman first tried peaches, he said he liked their flavor, but the seeds lay hard on his stomach.

To cure deafness, tell a man you've come to pay him money. It is infallible.

"Jo, how many scruples are there in a drachm?"

"Don't know, Zur."

"Well, remember, there's eight."

"Eight! pooh! dad always takes his without no scruples."

"Will you give me them pennies now?" said a big newsboy to a little one, after giving him a severe thumping.

"No, I won't."

"Then I'll give you another pounding."

"Pound away. Me and Dr. Franklin agrees. Dr. Franklin says, 'Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves.'"

The other day Mrs. Sniffkins being unwell sent for a medical man, and declared her belief that she was poisoned, and that Mr. Sniffkins did it. "I didn't do it!" shouted Sniffkins. "It's all gammon; she is not poisoned. Prove it, doctor—open her on the spot, I am willing!"

"The world we inhabit must have an origin; that origin must have consisted in a cause; that cause must have been intelligent; that intelligence must have been efficient; that efficiency must have been ultimate; that ultimate power must have been Supreme; and that which always was and is Supreme we know by the name of God!"

"Sir," said a little blustering man to a religious opponent, "to what sect do you suppose I belong?"

"Well, I don't exactly know," replied the other; "but, to judge from your size and appearance, I should think you belonged to the class generally called in-sects."

Lately a gentleman of Chicago was accompanying two ladies to the panorama of the Arctic Expedition, when, in crossing Market Street, he stepped on a *hogshead hoop*, which flew up (as hoops *will do*), and struck him across his not very handsome nose. "Good Heavens, ladies!" he exclaimed, "which of you dropped that?"

In a New England parish, a difficulty arose about the location of the new meeting-house, and the church was rent with the division. The pastor at length preached a melting sermon on the subject of union, and the congregation were dissolved in tears. The next morning Deacon Jones went over early to see his opponent, Deacon Shaw, to make an earnest effort for peace, and the following ensued:

DEACON J. "Deacon Shaw, I haven't slept a wink last night, and I've come over to see if we can't have peace on this subject of the meeting-house; we must settle the difficulty."

DEACON S. "Well, I'm very happy to hear you talk so, for, to tell the truth, I always thought you were a little set in your way."

DEACON J. "Not at all—and, as a proof that I am not, I've come this morning on purpose to see you. Now, Deacon Shaw, we must settle this difficulty, and there is but one way to do it—you must give up, for I can't."

Some one commending Philip of Macedon for drinking freely, "That," said Demosthenes, "is a good quality in a sponge, but not in a king."

"La me!" said Mrs. Partington, "here I have been suffering the bigamies of death for three mortal weeks. First I was seized with a bleeding phrenology in the left hampshire of the brain, which was exceeded by a stoppage of the left ventilator of the heart. This gave me an inflammation in the borax, and now I'm sick with the choloform morbus. There's no blessing like that of health, particularly when you are sick."

Strange, Moore, and Wright, three notorious punsters, were on a certain occasion dining together, when Moore observed, "There is but one knave among us, and that's Strange." "Oh, no," said Wright, "there is one Moore." "Ay," said Strange, "that's Wright."

Shakspeare says, "Frailty, thy name is woman." A French translation has it, "Mademoiselle Frailty is the name of the lady."

Bion, seeing a person who was tearing the hair off his head for sorrow, said, "Does this man think that baldness is a remedy for grief?"

The greatest English philosopher was Bacon; one of the finest Scottish poets, Hogg; and one of the pleasantest British essayists, Lamb.

What is the difference 'twixt little Queen Vic.
And the shaggy dog's tail that is moving so quick?
The diff'rence is this—I say without braggin'—
The Queen keeps her coach, the tail keeps a-waggin'.

A land of liberty, a land of newspapers. "I had rather have newspapers without government," said Jefferson, "than government without newspapers."

In one of our Connecticut River villages, a venerable and well-known divine, who still flourishes in "that ilk," was called upon by one of the overseers of the poor, who required his services at a funeral. "You need not trouble yourself much," he said, "*I only want a short, common sort of a prayer!*" 'Twas "only a pauper."

"I say, Squire, what'll yeou take for that ere dog o' your'n?" said a Yankee peddler to an old Dutch farmer; "what'll yeou take for him? He ain't a very good-lookin' dog; but what was you cal'latin' maybe he'd fetch?"

"Ah!" responded the Dutchman, "dat dog ishn't wort' not'ing 'most; he ishn't wort' you to buy 'um."

"Guess tew dollars abeout would git him, wouldn't it? I'll give you that for him."

"Yaas; he isn't *wort* dat."

"Wal, I'll take him," said the peddler.

"Shtop!" said the Dutchman; "dere's one t'ing about dat dog I gan't sell."

"Oh! take off his collar; I don't want that," suggested the peddler.

"'Tain't dat," replied Mynheer; "he's a boor dog, but I gan't *sell de wag of his tail when I comes home.*"

"There are only two bad things in this world," says Hannah More, "sin and bile."

HUSBAND YOUR RESOURCES.—"Are sisters Sal and Nance *resources*, pa?" "No, my son. Why do you ask me that?" "Because I heard uncle Joe say, that if you would only *husband* your resources you would get on a great deal better than you do. And I thought it would be a good idea, because you wouldn't have so many young men about here to supper every Sunday evening; that's all, pa."

All medical men unite in declaring that nothing is more beneficial to health than hearty laughter; and surely our benevolent Creator would not have provided, and made it a source of health and enjoyment to use it, and then have made it a sin to do so. The prevailing temper of the mind should be cheerful, yet serious; but there are times when relaxation and enjoyment are proper for all.

The Farewell to Winter and Welcome to Summer, by Mrs. Barry Cornwall Wilson, are beautiful and appropriate at this season, when "Winter lingers in the lap of Spring:"

Go! Winter, go!
Thy frozen locks and tresses white,
And looks that kindle not delight,
And breath that chills the young heart's glow,
And frowns that make the tear-drop start,
No bliss, no pleasure, can impart;
Go! Winter, go!

Come! Summer, come!
With genial skies and budding flowers,
And balmy gales and fragrant showers,
And smiles that clothe the earth in flowers,
Come! with thy bright and fairy band,
And scatter gladness o'er the land:
Come! summer, come!

A member of Congress once made a request to Secretary Marcy for the appointment of a certain learned gentleman to a post in some home or foreign office. One after another the gentleman's credentials were opened. One setting forth his knowledge of Hebrew, another of Greek, a third of Latin, and so on, as letter after letter was examined, down to a perfect knowledge of all the modern languages. "A most extra-*or*-dinary man!" said the Secretary, looking up from under his great, shaggy, beetling eyebrows, and shoving up his spectacles upon his high, broad forehead: "Why, Sir, that man *must have graduated at the Tower of Babel!*"

The following editorial notice is decidedly clever and cool: "The editor has gone up the river for a few days. All good articles, facetious remarks, puns, and typographical errors may be attributed to his absence. In order to give variety and vigor to the paper, he will frequently leave it for a week or so. It is to be hoped that the readers of this journal will appreciate his endeavors."

## WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday Evening, June* 15, 1857.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets exhibit no very important changes. Breadstuffs arrived rather sparingly during the week, while there prevailed a fair inquiry, chiefly for home use, and prices closed with considerable vigor and buoyancy, for desirable lots. Ordinary to extra State Flour, $6 50 @ $7 20; ordinary to fancy Western do. $6 60 @ $6 90; low to choice extra Western do. $6 90 @ $10 50; fancy to extra Genesee do. $7 30 @ $10 00; superfine to extra Canadian do. $6 70 @ $9 00; low mixed to choice extra Southern do. $7 75 @ $10 00; fine to superfine Rye Flour $4 50 @ $6 50; Corn Meal, nominally, $4 10 @ $4 15 for Jersey, and $4 40 @ $4 45 for Brandywine, per barrel. White Wheat $1 75 @ $2 00; Red Wheat $1 50 @ $1 75; Mixed Corn, in store, 95 @ 97 c.; Yellow Corn 98 c. @ $1 00; White Corn, 98 c. @ $1 01; Rye $1 25 @ $1 30; Western Oats 66 @ 68 c.; State do. 59 @ 65 c.; Jersey do. 60 @ 64 c.; Southern do. 54 @ 57 c.; and Barley $1 45 @ $1 75, per bushel. Flour is not so scarce here at present as is grain. The crop prospects throughout the country, however, are represented as being quite encouraging, and consumers calculate that they will not have to spend all their means for food, notwithstanding the croaking of parties, with whom, in regard to the apparently dreaded famine, the wish is, in truth, father to the thought. Cotton has attracted more attention at advancing prices. Middling Uplands 14 c.; Orleans do. 14¼ @ 14½ c., per pound. Provisions have been moderately inquired for at uniform quotations. Mess Pork $23 50; Prime Pork, $19 20 @ $19 30; Country Mess Beef $14 00 @ $15 00, per barrel. Prime Mess Beef $28 00 @ $31 00 per tierce; Beef Hams $23 00 @ $23 50 per barrel; Bacon 11¼ @ 13¼ c. per pound; Lard, in barrels, 14¼ @ 14½ c.; New State Butter 18 @ 26 c.; Cheese 6 @ 10¼ c., per pound. Coffee and Teas find ready buyers, chiefly among exporters and speculators, at very full and buoyant rates. Sugar and Molasses are dull and heavy, with accumulating supplies, in market. Rice is brisk and firm. Hay is depressed, and down to 80 @ 90 c. per 100 pounds. Hemp, Hops, and Grass Seeds appear quiet at old figures. Tobacco is scarce and stiffly held, but is inactive. Domestic Whisky is heavy and procurable at 34 c. per gallon. Wool is tame and nominal in value.

Freights exhibited no improvement. For Liverpool—Cotton, 3s. @ 3s. 6d. per bale; Flour, 6d. @ 9d. per barrel; Grain, 2d. @ 2½d. per bushel; Beef, 6d. @ 1s. per tierce; Rosin, 5d. @ 7d. per barrel; and Heavy Goods, 7s. 6d. @ 12s. 6d. per ton. For other ports proportionate quotations. The number of vessels in this port on Saturday was 764, including 30 steamers, 175 ships, 151 barks, 124 brigs, and 284 schooners.

The Live Stock Market was well supplied with Beeves, which declined about 1 c. per pound, while buyers purchased reservedly at the reduced figures. The week's receipts, according to returns from the principal markets, reached 3191 Beeves, 254 Milch Cows, 1268 Veal Calves, 6777 Sheep and Lambs, and 1622 Swine, against 1949 Beeves, 385 Milch Cows, 1084 Veal Calves, 4584 Sheep and Lambs, and 1104 Swine the preceding week. Most of the fresh cattle received were from Illinois, Ohio, New York, and Kentucky. The range of prices at the Forty-fourth Street Market last Wednesday was from 10½ c. for the poorest to 14 c. for premium cattle per pound—the general average having been 12 c. per pound. Even these prices are considered too high by purchasers, and these manifest no eagerness to profit by the turn in their favor. Fresh fruits and vegetables are becoming quite plenty, and, with fish and eggs, help to satisfy the most urgent requirements of consumers, while animal food commands such high rates. Milch Cows, with their calves at their sides, were less abundant; but as the most reliable demand for such had already been met—the market was tame, and prices ruled low, viz.: $25 00 @ $70 00 for common to extra, each. Some superior Durhams, from Kentucky, were offered at from $100 00 @ $140 00 each. They far excelled all others in market, and many persons deemed them much more valuable for breeding on the farm than for milking in the stable. Veal Calves were plentier, more sought after, and a shade dearer. The general range was from 5 @ 8 c. per pound, live weight. Sheep and Lambs were also more abundant but less valuable, while the demand was fair. The bulk of the week's sales were effected at from $2 50 @ $7 50 per head. Swine were scarce and in request, including corn-fed, at 7¼ @ 8 c. for live, and 9¼ @ 10 c. for dressed, per pound.

The Country Produce Market is essentially unchanged. The abundance of early vegetables is much in favor of consumers, who buy freely in consequence. Strawberries are now quite plenty, and would be cheap, if middlemen were not able to control the market, and regulate the size of baskets. These are being so steadily reduced in size, that, unless some change occur in the disposition of venders, a single berry will shortly suffice to fill a basket. A lady, complaining of the unjust diminutiveness of the package, received the assurance that it was owing to the scarcity of wood in New Jersey. The public, who are free to laugh at the joke, believe that the rarity of honesty among middlemen is the sole cause of the imposition. Captain Arrowsmith, of the Keyport steamer, brought to this city, on Saturday last, 832 barrels of strawberries (about 15,000 baskets); they were sold for more than $6000. One basket contained only three berries that measured three and a quarter inches each in circumference. Most other articles appear as last noticed.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Apples, per barrel | $4 00 | @ | $8 00 |
| " Dried, State, per pound | 11 | @ | 13 |
| " " Southern, per pound | 10 | @ | 12 |
| Strawberries, per quart box | 20 | @ | 25 |
| " per basket | 3¼ | @ | 6 |
| Cherries, per pound | 12 | @ | 15 |
| Dried Peaches (peeled), per pound | 16 | @ | 20 |
| " " (unpeeled), per pound | 9 | @ | 11 |
| Hickory Nuts, per bushel | 75 | @ | $1 50 |
| Gooseberries, per bushel | $4 50 | @ | — |
| Potatoes, old, per barrel | $2 25 | @ | $4 00 |
| " new, per barrel | $3 50 | @ | $5 75 |
| " Sweet, per barrel | $3 25 | @ | $3 75 |
| Onions, new, per barrel | $3 00 | @ | $4 00 |
| " per pound | 3 | @ | — |
| Turnips, per barrel | $1 00 | @ | $1 25 |
| " new, per 100 bunches | $4 00 | @ | $8 00 |
| Tomatoes, per box | 75 | @ | $1 00 |
| Asparagus, per dozen | $1 00 | @ | $1 50 |
| Spinach, per barrel | 50 | @ | 75 |
| Lettuce, per hundred | $1 00 | @ | $1 25 |
| Rhubarb, per dozen | 75 | @ | $1 00 |
| Green Peas, per barrel | $3 00 | @ | $5 00 |
| White Beans, per bushel | $2 00 | @ | $2 25 |
| String Beans, new, per barrel | $7 50 | @ | $8 00 |
| Green Beans, per barrel | $7 00 | @ | $8 00 |
| Radishes, per 100 bunches | 75 | @ | $1 25 |
| Squashes, new, per barrel | $5 00 | @ | — |
| Parsley, per 100 | $2 75 | @ | $3 75 |
| Beets, per barrel | $4 00 | @ | $5 00 |
| Butter, Western, per pound | 15 | @ | 21 |
| " State, per pound | 18 | @ | 26 |
| Cheese, State, per pound | 6 | @ | 10¼ |
| Lard, per pound | 14¼ | @ | 14½ |
| Eggs, Fresh, per dozen | 14½ | @ | 16½ |
| Fowls, per pound | 18 | @ | 20 |
| Live Fowls, per pair | 75 | @ | $1 00 |
| Ducks, Domestic, per pound | 16 | @ | 17 |
| Turkeys, per pound | 15 | @ | 18 |
| Geese, per pound | 10 | @ | 14 |
| Pigeons, per dozen | $1 25 | @ | $2 50 |
| Yellow Leg Snipe, per dozen | $2 25 | @ | $3 00 |
| Beef, per pound | 11 | @ | 15 |
| Mutton, per pound | 11 | @ | 15 |
| Lamb, per pound | 12½ | @ | 16½ |
| Veal, per pound | 10 | @ | 12½ |
| Pork, per pound | 9 | @ | 10 |

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

WELLINGTON & ABBOTT, 47 Water Street, New York, Successors to A. SEIGNETTE & Co., offer for Sale, from United States Bonded Warehouse, JULES ROBIN & CO.'S, MARETT & CO.'S, E. GEANTY and HENRY SUTTON'S

COGNAC AND CHAMPAGNE BRANDIES.

ALEXANDRE SEIGNETTE'S, P. L'EVÊQUE and A. DELUCE'S ROCHELLE BRANDIES. Gin, St. Croix, and Jamaica Rum. Also Sherry, Port, Madeira, and Claret Wines. Fruits, Oil, Walnuts, Castile Soap, &c.

CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC.

Whereas, Counterfeiters and Imitators, moved by a desire to share the profits accruing from the sale of Lyon's Magnetic Powder and Pills with the inventor of those articles, have got up a variety of poisonous compounds to represent the same; therefore, be it known, that the only poisonless, infallible, and immediate means of destroying Bedbugs, Roaches, Plant Lice, Ants, Moths, Flies, and other Insects, is Lyon's Magnetic Powder; and that the only preparation which can be depended upon for cleaning Houses, Cellars, Barns, Stores, Warehouses, &c., of Rats and Mice, is Lyon's Magnetic Pills. The certificates to this effect are of a higher character than were ever before given to an inventor or discoverer of any article used for domestic purposes. Lyon has received four National Medals, together with Letters from Prince Albert, the King of Prussia, the President of the United States, and the first scientific men in Europe and America. He invites attention to the same, at his Central Depot, No. 424 Broadway.

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JULES ROBIN & CO.'S COGNAC BRANDY.—This celebrated and favorite Cognac Brandy is constantly being received, and is for sale in assorted packages by the agents at the lowest market prices.

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One of the greatest surgeons says, writing to a friend in New York: "I am convinced that constipation has a vast deal to do with sea-sickness; the Doctor's pills acted like a charm on board—every body wanted pills from me. I always gave the name of Dr. BRANDRETH. Some were surprised to find a 'Regular' use that medicine; but in my case it was not so singular, for my father used it before I was born."

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